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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MUSIC.

History of the Modern Music of Western Europe, &c. By R. S. Kiesewetter. Translated from the original German by Robert Müller. 8vo. Pp. 300. Newby.

Music and Education. By Dr. Mainzer. 8vo. Pp. 111. London, Longmans; Edinburgh, Blacks.

When Music, heavenly Maid, was young, she had great influence on the passions of mankind, but she did not make such a noise or occupy so much attention as now that she is old, and whether maid or matron, we are unable to certify. The Hullah-baloo in London is terrific; and the feud between Her Majesty's Capulets in the Haymarket, and the Royal Montagus in Covent Garden, is hardly surpassed in importance by the Lombard insurrection, the French revolution, or the Chartist demonstration.* Competent ear and sufficient knowledge to treat of all the Tweedledum and Tweedledee discords and deserts in being, are rare accomplishments; yet, everywhere, every fool rushes in to give his opinion, and direct the public taste—and the public ears are long enough to lead the animal the whole way, following the echo, and fancying it oracular. But we like to go deeper; and eschewing the double or kettle drum of a pitiable European orchestra, would refer to a Pekin critic for our grand ideas of musical science and powers. Here we have it philosophically and morally applied, and not treated as a mere sensuous gratification:

"The laws of sound and modulation have concord for their base. It is written in the *Shoo-king*: 'if the eight voices or sounds accord,—duty and virtue will undergo no change; there will exist between men and spirits a perfect harmony.' Many of those who confine themselves to the study of modern books, discourse only vanity about virtue and numbers. Arriving at the understanding of some passages of an ancient author, they become so infatuated with him that they despise sounds and notes, and scorn to take them into consideration. On the other hand those who profess music learn only the tone and the modulations; they know the notation of the flute on which they play, but are unacquainted with the origin and foundation of tones, of the modulations and the consonances. How are they to know with what facility we can substitute the notes *Kung-che*, for the notes *Kung-chang*? The seven notes cong, fan, lieau, ou, i, chang, tchi, that is to say, five perfect sounds and two semi-tones called *peen*, are the seven consonances. The seven notes cong-tchi and the like are not all used in singing; they omit the two semi-notes. When they change the place of the kong, then the tone of the music changes, they make use of five tones only; and they are allowed not to employ the two semi-tones *peen* if they meet one another. The ancients had in view, when they fixed the rules of their music, not only the means of making it brilliant and harmonious, but also easy."

Now o'days, to conquer difficulties, and make executive display is the grand thing. The man who could cause two blades of corn to grow where only one grew before, is nothing to the performer who can crush three or four notes (perhaps with a shake to boot,) into the space where only a single note could be expressed by any preceding violinist or pianist. As it is the best ship that goes the greatest number of knots an hour, so is he or she the greatest musician who can perform the greatest number of notes in the same limit of time. The race is to the swift; the admiration to the imitative squeak, and not to the natural pig itself. And in the midst of the most embarrassing of even national affairs will the voice and strum of modern music make themselves heard, and call for a decision on their rival merits. After sundry queer or stupid "deputations" one day to the over-wrought Provisional rulers of France, including the Peace Society, represented by Friend Joseph Sturge, there came one more numerous than all the rest—it was from a school of music founded on a new system of teaching, and urged MM. Lamartine, Ledru, Albert, *ouvrier*, Louis Blanc, *et cetera*, to examine the gamuts, quavers, trills, and shakes, indispensably to be preferred for the salvation of the Republic! *Vive la Musique!*

But fooling apart, it is most desirable for a civilized people to establish and cultivate a sound school of music; which "oft has such a charm to make bad good, and good provoke to harm." To popularize, and keep it, at the same time, of a high order, is the grand desideratum; and not to "let us have the tongs and bones," we know not if improved even by the Ethiopian Serenaders since the day of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* recorded this species of entertainment for "a reasonable good ear." The Earl of Westmoreland, the great patron of the science, and friend of its professors, declared, as we have heard, some years ago, that he would not rest till he had brought a music lesson down to *one shilling*, and many a poor teacher has since been reduced to that scanty allowance. But is it possible to combine such ill-paid labour in tuition with a knowledge of the art? Is it desirable to reduce the professors of music to the lowest grade in society? The cheap principle must involve the imperfect; and if carried out would put an end to thorough classical musical education. It is incompatible with the refinement of mind and incessant industry, without which no tolerable master of music can be made. Observe the everlasting common-places, and badly executed too, which beset us on every side when doomed to listen to the usual music of evening parties, and even more ambitious concerts. And this result is to be expected if wealthy parents employ at mean prices, mean instructors, who possibly belong to the class Gent, which rides outside of twopenny 'busses, and smokes cabbage-leaf penny cigars.

The efforts by judicious combination and increased numbers to surmount the difficulties which lie in the way of such a school as we desiderate, deserve our approbation and encouragement. Hullah, in London, has done much towards training the many to a considerable degree of theoretic knowledge and practical execution; and in Edinburgh Dr. Mainzer, whose volume stands second on the foregoing list, has also been sedulously and successfully engaged in advancing the northern progress. Yet the Town Council of modern Athens have decided that singing should not be taught in the High School, because the Scottish mind was not prepared for it. They feared it might distract the pupils from their Greek and Latin studies, which we cannot but deem an erroneous notion. All work and no play, makes Jack, or Sawney, a dull boy; and music, as an educational element, is surely the least objectionable, if not the most desirable of recreations. To meet this crippling resolve, the Educational Institution, fully described in a former *Literary Gazette* was founded, and to it Dr. Mainzer dedicates his work in the following words:

"In dedicating the present work to the Educational Institute of Scotland, we do so, not that we deem the teachers particularly learned in music, or that they have bestowed particular attention on it, either as a science or an art; but because the Institute has, despite the national prejudices, acknowledged music as a branch of public instruction, as an element in the education of youth.

"Yet there are still some who would rather impede than favour its cultivation in schools, as much from a disappreciation of it, as from an exaggerated importance of the branches they teach. It can be demonstrated, that hitherto the Scottish teachers and the Scottish clergymen are infinitely behind the rest of Europe in the knowledge of music. The stern Covenanter, though he fought at the battle of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, to the tune of *John come kiss me now*, or died singing psalms in the midst of the crowd at the Grassmarket, or on the heather of his solitary moors; yet, his fright of a fiddle, or a dance, in which he always saw the cloven foot behind, has become well nigh the general feeling of Scotland with regard to music. On the other hand, singing has been too much associated with drinking; many sing only when they are drunk. Can we wonder, then, that Music is not considered an agent of mental and moral culture by those who know it only as an art of debauchery, the priestess of revels and public-houses? Can we be surprised that young men are peculiarly guarded against music, when it is considered to be to them, what the flame is to the moth—destruction? But even this fear is a new homage of its power, a genuflection before its throne. The young man who knows music is sought, is courted, and carried along in the whirlpool of youth. If he were the rule and not the exception, were there many such musical phœnixes, the individual would not be so much thought of. If the family afforded recreation through music, they would not want to seek it elsewhere. A country which has allowed the art to sink to so low an ebb, wears, like the galley-slave, the chain of its own guilt. How couldst thou forget, land of song, home of the bard, 'meet nurse of a poetic child,' Caledonia! that there is also a holy music, a music that lives, and loves, and suffers with us, that raises the soul, bent in sorrow, out of the dust, and bears it beyond the clouds! a music that, like an aurora of eternity, penetrates into the night of life, cheers and illumines our path! how couldst thou forget that, like the rainbow, music is a memorial of a covenant between the earthly and the celestial, blending equally, and reflecting all colours! that she has accents for all nations, all ages; that every epoch of our life has its own

*They manage musical discords otherwise in the Mediterranean, as we learn from a late *Malta Mail*; for it is stated—"two musicians having quarrelled at Athens,—one, the Chevalier Vincenzo Mifsud, who had composed a piece of music *La Partenza dell' eroe Marco Bozzari*, which he had offered to their Majesties of Greece, and which by them had been graciously accepted; the other, Signor Gennaro Fabrichesi, who had presumed to criticise it,—the former called on the latter to appear within 24 hours, and compose a piece of music, vocal or instrumental; at the same time he would compose another, and both to be locked up together in a room till finished. The compositions of both were then to be submitted to any composer in Europe for his opinion on the merits! A supplement in the *Courrier d'Athenes*, by the Chevalier, thus fairly announces:—"If your music should be found preferable to mine, then I am content with your judgment on my duet *Marco Bozzari*, but if the result of our mutual challenge should be against you, then the discerning public will learn that you depreciate the talent of another from envy and the insufficiency of your own ability." How this singular duel will terminate, time will show.

Enlarged 120.*

tones: that to the boy she appears, with his spring, his plays, his birds and butterflies; to the adolescent with his love for everything that is beautiful, great, and elevating, for liberty and country; to the aged a sweet ripe fruit of life and wisdom, a setting sun that throws a purple veil over days and recollections of the past, and brightens the pilgrim's path towards futurity. He who thus penetrates and reveres music, to him she is the virgin of charity, who, with her love, her tears, and her inspiring breath, is near him in all moments and trials of life, a sister-soul in whose bosom he confides every silent thought, and every emotion.

"Thus has the Scottish Institute looked upon music, and therefore has it acknowledged it an educational element; a late and feeble homage paid to the art, but a distant foreboding of better days to come. As it appears to us as a pharos of hope in the darkness of the night, we have associated our thought and our work with theirs; and in exposing our principles, hope to strengthen and support their own, and shew how, in united zeal and activity, they can be realized for a country's welfare, and a nation's glory.

"Music will no longer be a destitute child of persecution: it will become a welcome guest under every roof, in every cottage. Soon the youth will cease to be mute; not a hundred children, but a hundred schools, will unite in love, and harmony, and innocence. In those sublime moments, when simple but graceful strains are carried upon thousands of infant voices, all will feel the power of the multitude, as Haydn did, in tears, when he heard the charity children of St. Paul's; or, overcome by the majesty of simple grandeur, exclaim with Catalani, when she heard the primitive chants of the Grecian Church: 'My song is of this world, but this is a choir of angels.'"

Not very well expressed, but containing much matter for reflection; and passing to the body of the work, we find, for our next extract, a defence of musicians from the charge of being led by the fine faculty into dissipated habits:

"On proceeding with this original sin of musicians, we may sometimes find it among eminent composers; among those who, while moving in the regions of high tragic poetry, are, in reality, walking, like Robert Macaire, upon the upper leather of their boots. These are not proofs of a high vocation, although they may be found even in men of genius; but they are, to a certainty, proofs of a deficiency of general education, or of the cultivation of one faculty at the expense of all others. A man may be a star in his profession, and there possess great eminence, and yet be, in every other sphere, in infantine ignorance. A great mathematician, a superior chemist, an excellent lawyer or physician, may be a very uneducated man. Education extends over the moral and intellectual faculties, harmonizes all the various branches of knowledge; and, in this union, it manifests itself not only in thought and action, but even in language, in manners, and external bearing. If, therefore, we find among a certain lower order of musicians, those propensities which have caused them so sad a celebrity, and created against music such apprehensions, it is evident that their art stands beyond the reproaches which their intellectual inferiority, their deficiency of general education, alone deserves. Everything holy may be abused, religion as well as art; yet they remain unchanged, though often administered by unworthy hands.

"But even this abuse of music, why make it a subject of reproach to music itself, or to musicians, when, on the contrary, musicians should ask you to account for it? Does not Plato, for twenty-two centuries, warn the legislators of the abuse of music, and recommend to their care its purity? Has he not foretold, that unless its sacred character, its power and importance, were jealously preserved to the youth, to the nation, to the state, it might be turned, in corrupted hands, against the youth, against the nation, and against the state? Whence does music receive its greatest injury, its deepest wounds? From those who should be its natural guardians, the most jealous defenders of its beauty and purity—the parents of children, and the managers of schools, especially schools for female education. To study music is, to them, nothing but to learn to *play the piano*. You may have talent, or you may have none, you must learn it under penalty of being taxed with having received but an indifferent education. In what, then, consists this study of the piano? In sitting so many hours *daily* before the instrument, having the fingers curved, and stretched, and trained; and after having thus passed, in the most tedious and thoughtless of all studies, the most precious and invaluable hours of life, what knowledge has been acquired? Have they become musicians for their pains? Has the science of music been revealed to them? Have they learned to understand, to judge, to analyze a musical composition in its technical construction and poetical essence? Or, have they learned to produce, after their own impulse, a musical thought, to develop it, and, in a momentaneous inspiration, to make the heart speak in joyful or plaintive strains, according to their mood of mind? Nothing of the kind. A few have learned to play a *sonata*, perhaps a *concerto*; a greater number have reached variations, but by far the greatest majority only quadrilles! This playing of quadrilles, this training of the fingers, mothers complacently call *accomplishment*, a *refined education*; and musicians who look with contempt upon musical study and musical works of this description, can they be surprised when the art to which they have devoted themselves is not appreciated, not understood? What can we expect, when its whole destiny is left in the hands of matrons of boarding-schools, who, generally, are clear-sighted enough to make it an important *item* of their business, withdraw the lion's part from what is due to the teacher, but are ignorant of its very alphabet."

The physical benefits derived from being taught vocalization, are set forth by Dr. Mainzer, who remarks—"however various the shades of voice and tone, the practice of singing will be for all, we are sure, a never-failing means of improvement.

"Instruction in singing serves to develop and cultivate not less the sense of hearing, the organs of which, like those of the voice, are not equally perfect in every individual. A great error will therefore be committed, in depriving those children of singing lessons who do not, in the first instance, evince a decidedly musical disposition, or what is popularly termed a musical ear. That quality is developed much more slowly in some persons than in others; there are some, indeed, in whom it seems totally deficient; but its absence often proceeds from their seldom or never having heard singing, and from their consequently not having had the opportunity of imitating the tones of others. By listening to singing, we learn to distinguish the relative position of the notes uttered by the voice; our ear thus becomes practised, and able to convey the nicest distinction of tone to the seat of perception. Thus, by endeavouring gradually to imitate others, we succeed in rendering the organs of voice capable of reproducing the sounds which the ear has received.

"We come now to consider the influence of singing on the health of children. One of the prejudices most obstinately maintained against teaching children to sing, arises from an opinion frequently broached, that singing, if practised at a tender age, may have a baneful influence on the health, and occasion pulmonary affections. It is not long since this idea prevailed in Germany also; but the most minute investigations, made by governments as well as parents, have proved it to be quite erroneous." * *

"The earliest age, that of six or seven years, is the most appropriate for learning to sing; voice and ear, so obedient to external impressions, are rapidly developed and improved, defects corrected, and musical capabilities awakened. * * * * *

"Throughout life, the difference between a musician from infancy, and one from more mature age, will be visible at a glance. The latter may possess musical knowledge and taste; the former will possess both, with deeper musical feeling, more power, and greater certainty of judgment. In the one, music will be an acquirement; in the other, a feeling, a new sense interwoven with the constitution, a second nature. * * *

"Singing is the foundation of all musical education, and ought to precede the study of any instrument. In singing classes, children learn to read at sight, and are made acquainted with the general elements of the art, before their attention is called to the mechanical part of it. Thus prepared, they appreciate and enjoy the study of an instrument, instead of finding it, as is usually the case, tedious and interminable. Years of pianoforte instruction may be spared in following this more rational plan, universally recognized and adopted in Germany, with such practical advantage."

Finally, to sum up the principal heads of his reasoning, the Professor says:

"1st. The earliest period of life is the best for the cultivation of the musical faculties. The musical organs are then easily developed, and defects corrected.

"2nd. Instead of being prejudicial to health, singing has been found a powerful means of strengthening the lungs, throat, and chest.

"3rd. Singing is the foundation of all musical education; it ought to precede the learning of any instrument."

We abstain from entering upon the ancient histories in either of the volumes we have designated; but would refer readers to them, and observe that amid certain defects of style (being a foreigner), they will find much of very useful intelligence and advice in Dr. Manizer's performance. That he may entirely succeed in making Scotland truly a land of song, we most heartily desire.

THE COURT OF GEORGE II.

Memoirs of the Reign of George II., from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John Lord Hervey. Edited from the original MS. by the Right Honourable J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. Murray.

ENGLISH History, the manners of the times (from 1727 to 1737), the scandals and profligacy of the Court and Courtiers, political intrigues and corruptions, literary concerns and quarrels, and the general aspects of the upper classes of society, are here set in such vivid lights before us, that the work must take a prominent stand with the most curious and remarkable of its kind. Not Evelyn, nor Pepys, nor Walpole, nor the Paston Letters, nor the Suffolk Papers, contain more striking matter. The revelations are from the very interior; we see the springs and clock-work, the wires by which the puppets are moved, and the way in which, and the persons by whom, they are pulled. Altogether it is rather a sorry sight, and enough to provoke the somewhat stern morality with which the circumstances Lord Hervey states are visited by the able Editor, who has otherwise performed his task with most commendable research and talent. Yet is there a consolation in the view. The mean and debauched Court of George II. did not so openly outrage public decencies as the more reckless transgressors of the preceding

century, when Charles II. and his Court set no screen between their vices and the common gaze. In their glitter they perhaps lost some of their grossness; but at any rate the grossness of the later period was a little concealed, and hypocrisy paid a small tribute to virtue. Then let us look upon the next century, and the age in which we live. Who can deny the vast improvement in the outward, if not the inward relations of life? Thanks to the oft-abused but good King George III., and his exemplary Queen, the Augean stable was cleansed; and the hot-bed of immorality and irreligion assumed the form of Chastity, Honour, Fidelity, and Christianity. Human nature may be the same, and men and women, in reality, no better than they were in former generations; but no accurate and philosophical student of mankind will hold that the contagion of undisguised profligacy does not produce extended effects of the worst description, which are avoided even by the sin of secrecy and concealment. It is, therefore, a subject for congratulation to compare the England of the middle of the 19th century with the England of the 18th and 17th centuries, to which we have alluded.

From Lord Hervey we learn how men and families rose, how they fell back, how they got offices or peerages, or how they were disappointed; and we do not believe that any thing like the same mass of unworthiness exists in the present day. The Press and publicity are great reformers; may the former never forget its powerful functions for good or evil! What, however, could be expected from the body when the head is thus painted?

"I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the King, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning."

But we ought to go in a more orderly way through these volumes, whose character and value have not been over-estimated in the *Quarterly Review*, which had the advantage of anticipating their publication, and making them generally known. A prefatory and biographical notice brings us acquainted with Lord John Hervey, the famous Sporus of Pope, and the chamberlain and intimate favourite of Queen Caroline; whether to the length whispered or not, Mr. Croker has not resolved, and we cannot determine. He, as all the world knows, was the eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, and married the lovely Mrs. Mary Lepell; but had a half-brother, Carr, elder, and by a former marriage, who was strongly suspected to be the father of Horace Walpole. Of this we are told by the Editor:

"Carr, Lord Hervey, is said, in Lady Louisa Stuart's introductory observations to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of the works of her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to have been notoriously the father of Horace Walpole —an opinion strongly supported by various circumstances mentioned by Lady Louisa, and further corroborated by the revelations, in the following Memoirs, of Sir Robert Walpole's almost incredible laxity in both the principle and practice of conjugal fidelity. The resemblance, indeed, of Horace to that remarkable family, whose peculiar originality of mind and character gave rise to Lady Mary's division of the human species into '*Men, Women, and Herveys*,' is very striking, and these Memoirs, will, I think, add considerably to the general likeness."

Lord Hervey was no exception to the general rule, or rather want of rule, for Mr. Croker says:

"And here it may be as well to state that Lord Hervey's laxity of morals was accompanied, if not originally produced, by *scepticism* in religion. How a son so dutiful and affectionate, and resembling a singularly pious father in so many other points, was led into such opposite courses, we have no distinct trace; but about the time that he exchanged the paternal converse of Ickworth for the society of London and the free-thinking Court of the Princess, Tindal, Toland, Collins, and Woolston were in very high vogue, and it is too certain that Lord Hervey adopted all their anti-Christian opinions, and, by a natural consequence, a peculiar antipathy to the Church and Churchmen. This feeling, which breaks out in most of his writings, is visible in the Memoirs on every occasion where it could introduce itself; and in at least one separate publication he expressly promulgated it. It is stated in Walpole's Catalogue and conjecturally in the Biographies that a deistical defence (1732) of Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, in answer to Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, though professing to be the work of '*a Country Clergyman*,' was by Lord Hervey. I am sorry to be obliged to confirm the fact; and of the pamphlet itself I need only add that there is no more of taste, truth, or candour in the conduct of the argument than there was in the composition of the title-page."

Lord Hervey, before his active political life began, spent a year and a half in Italy, his beautiful wife remaining at home; and we are told he returned about the middle of September, 1729, "and appears to have soon improved the impression he had made on the Prince at Hanover into great intimacy and favour. There is an expression in the Memoirs referring to the time when Lord Hervey '*first came about him*' (vol. ii. p. 384), which seems to imply that he had belonged officially to the Prince's family, but there is no other trace of any such employment, and his having a pension of £1000 a-year from the King, who was a strict economist in such matters, seems inconsistent with his holding also a place. The studied silence in which Lord Hervey buries his earlier intercourse and subsequent quarrel with the Prince (*post*, i. 159, n.), leaves the details of their friendship and their enmity in much obscurity: certain it is that a short but a close intimacy was followed by a deep and lasting hatred; of which a rivalry for, and, what is worse, a community in, the favour of the unfortunate Miss Vane, had no doubt a large share: but there can be little doubt that there was also some political *tracasseries* between them. However this may be, it is certain that the dark picture the Memoirs give us of the Prince must be received with a large allowance for the prejudice of the painter.

"We now come to the busy part of his life where the Memoirs begin, but they are written, as the reader will see, with much reserve as to his personal history; all that they in their present state tell us of this period is, that he broke away from Pulteney, enlisted heartily under Walpole, and was soon after rewarded with the office of Vice-Chamberlain."

We need not trace his personal course till he died, 8th August, 1743. The Memoirs speak for themselves, and there can be no doubt but that they relate to actual occurrences, noted at the time, however they may be coloured by partialities, prejudices, and passions. Towards the close, after discussing the subject of the celebrated Prince Titi, Mr. Croker remarks:

"In another point also these Memoirs give an impression as to Queen Caroline very injurious to her character—and which, if truth is ever to be veiled, might have been spared on this occasion. The general fact is from many other sources too notorious, but the details are odious. The motive which Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chancellor King suggest for the Queen's complaisance—that she did it to preserve her power over her husband—would be, in truth, the reverse of an excuse. But may not a less selfish motive be suggested? What could she have done? The immoralities of kings have been always too leniently treated in public opinion; and in the precarious possession which the Hanoverian family were thought to have of the throne until the failure of the rebellion of 1745 —could the Queen have prudently or safely taken measures of resistance, which must have at last ended in separation or divorce, or at least a scandal great enough, perhaps, to have overthrown her dynasty; and in such a course her *prudery*, as it might have been called, would probably have met little sympathy in those dissolute times. But even in this case we must regret that she had not devoured her own humiliation and sorrow in absolute silence, and submitted discreetly, and without confidants, to what she could not effectually resist. But neither the selfish motives imputed by former writers, nor the extenuating circumstance of *expediency* which I thus venture to suggest, can in any degree excuse the indulgence and even encouragement given, as we shall see, on her death-bed to the King's vices; amd we are forced, on the whole, to conclude that moral delicacy as well as Christian duty must have had very little hold on either her mind or heart. I have ventured to say (*post*, vol. ii. p. 528) that 'she had read and argued herself into a very low and cold species of Christianity;' but Lord Chesterfield (who, however, personally disliked her) goes rather farther, and says,—'After puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in *deism*—believing in a future state. Upon the whole the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people, while the *Queen* was neither esteemed, beloved, nor trusted by any one but the King."

That she not only connived at his Majesty's intercourse with Mrs. Howard, Countess Walmoden, and other mistresses, but encouraged them in her very palace, and used them with political views to secure her own influence, is a story which runs through and colours the whole of these disclosures. Her success in establishing Sir Robert Walpole in power is a remarkable proof of this talent. Having ousted the almost firmly seated Sir Spencer Compton, and obtained the extravagant Civil List which Walpole got before dissolving the old Parliament, it is stated:

"As people now plainly saw that all Court interest, power, profit, favour, and preferment were returning in this reign to the same, track in which they had travelled in the lasts lampoons, libels, pamphlets, satires, and ballad, were handed about, both publicly and privately some in print and some in manuscript, abusing and ridiculing the King, the Queen, their Ministers, and all that belonged to them: the subject of most of them was Sir Robert's having bought the Queen, and the Queen's governing the King; which thought was over and over again repeated in a thousand different shapes and dresses, both of prose and verse. And as the 'Craftsman'* had not yet lashed their Majesties out of all feeling for these transitory verbal corrections that smart without wounding and hurt without being dangerous, so the King's vehemence and pride, and the Queen's apprehension of his being told of her power till he might happen to feel it, made them both at first excessively uneasy. However, as the Queen by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments, whilst she affected to receive his Majesty's, she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She

"* This celebrated paper had commenced only the year before."

managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the King, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels, satires, and lampoons of these days were composed:

'You may strut, dapper* George, but 't will all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.'†

"This was one of the poetical pasquinades that were handed about in manuscript at this time. There was another that began:

'Since England was England, there never was seen
So strutting a King, and so prating a Queen,' &c.

and several more of the same stamp and in the same style. People found they galled, and that increased the number of them."

The quarrel between Walpole and Lord Townshend is curiously illustrated about this period, 1728. The character of the latter is forcibly drawn:

"Posterity will certainly be curious to learn what extraordinary cause there could be for this rupture between two men who, joined to the alliance of brotherhood, had for thirty years together lived in an uninterrupted intimacy of the strictest friendship. But those who knew his lordship's impracticable temper would rather wonder that this union continued so long, than that it was at last dissolved. No man was ever a greater slave to his passions than Lord Townshend; few had ever less judgment to poise his passions; none ever listened less to that little they had. He was rash in his undertakings, violent in his proceedings, haughty in his carriage, brutal in his expressions, and cruel in his disposition; impatient of the least contradiction, and as slow to pardon as he was quick to resent. He was so captious that he would often take offence where nobody meant to give it; and, when he had done so, was too obstinate in such jealousies, though never so lightly founded, to see his error, and too implacable ever to forgive those against whom they were conceived. He was much more tenacious of his opinion than of his word; for the one he never gave up, and the other he seldom kept; anybody could get promises from him, but few could prevail with him to perform them. It was as difficult to make him just as to make him reasonable; and as hard to obtain anything of him as to convince him. He was blunt without being severe, and false without being artful; for when he designed to be most so, he endeavoured to temper the natural insolence of his behaviour with an affected affability, which sat so ill upon him that the insinuating grin he wore upon those occasions was more formidable than his severest frown; and would put anybody to whom he pretended friendship more upon their guard than those to whom he professed enmity.

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"Before Sir Robert Walpole built this house (which was one of the best, though not of the largest, in England) Lord Townshend looked upon his own seat at Raynham as the metropolis of Norfolk, was proud of the superiority, and considered every stone that augmented the splendour of Houghton as a diminution of the grandeur of Raynham. Had Sir Robert Walpole raised this fabric of fraternal discord in any other county in England, it might have escaped the envy of this wise rival; but Sir Robert's partiality to the *solum natale*, the scene of his youth and the abode of his ancestors, made that neighbourhood, to which the accidental commencement of his friendship with Lord Townshend was first owing, the cause also of its dissolution."

Another grand Court and Official rupture five years later, *i. e.* 1733, is described in so piquant and entertaining a manner that we are tempted to give the whole extract; but we reserve it for our next.

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THE MEXICAN WAR.

A Campaign in New Mexico with Colonel Doniphan. By F. S. Edwards, a Volunteer. Hodson.

Colonel Doniphan, it seems, headed a free corps of Missouri volunteers on a twelvemonth's raid into Mexico, and this account of their imminent perils, marches, battles, and other adventures affords some curious sketches of this strange war and mode of warfare. In the *New York Evening Post* the Colonel is painted as an American Xenophon; and his follower thus describes him in the body of the work:

"My readers may like to have a slight sketch of Colonel Doniphan. In age, about forty; and in stature, six feet two inches; of large frame; and with a very intelligent face. His great charm lies in his easy and kind manner. On the march he could not be distinguished from the other soldiers, either by dress, or from his conversation. He ranked high as a lawyer in Missouri. The colonel is in the habit of interlarding his language with strong expressions which many eastern men would call something very like swearing."

And his several hundred mounted Missourian Legion is also compared with the famous ten thousand of ancient Greece:

"Colonel Doniphan," we are told, "was a favourite, but truth leads me to mention a circumstance which somewhat shocked my notions of military discipline. A poor Spaniard came to the colonel and complained that a soldier, standing by, had stolen his pig. The commander turned to the man and asked him whether this was true? The soldier replied 'Yes;' adding, also, 'and pray, colonel, what are you going to do about it?' This blunt mode of response, mixed with question, rather puzzled Colonel Doniphan, who, after some hesitation, said, 'Well! I don't know, unless I come and help you to eat it.' I am sadly afraid the complaining party got no redress. I felt it to be a bad example.

"So far as our dress was concerned, Falstaff, at this time, would have been ashamed of us. The one hundred men who had last joined were, of course, a little better clad than the rest, but most of the soldiers were in the same clothes in which they had left Missouri six months before—and these had seen pretty severe service in the Navajo country. The best clad were those who had been lucky enough to procure buckskin dresses among the Indians. A parade was now a ludicrous sight. In a whole company, no two pair of pantaloons were of the same hue; and there being few who owned a jacket, the red flannel or checked shirt made up the 'uniform.' Shoes were a luxury, and hats a very doubtful article. If our habiliments were thus, at this time, what were they further south? If General Taylor could boast of two R's, 'Rough and Ready,' we felt that we were fully entitled to three—rough, ready, and ragged.

"We had received no pay as yet; and the sutler charging *ad libitum*."

The Author complains much of their reward being withheld, after all their hardships and triumphs, when they returned home; though it is stated—"this body of men conquered the states of New Mexico and Chihuahua, and traversed Durango and New Leon. In this march they travelled more than six thousand miles, consuming twelve months. During all this time not one word of information reached them from the government, nor any order whatsoever; they neither received any supplies of any kind nor one cent of pay. They lived exclusively on the country through which they passed; and supplied themselves with powder and ball by capturing them from the enemy. From Chihuahua to Matamoras, a distance of nine hundred miles, they marched in forty-five days, bringing with them 17 pieces of heavy artillery as trophies."

From their wild adventures, and the notices of objects which struck the writer as worthy of record, we copy the following mixed traits of the country traversed, and of the doings of its unwelcome visitors:

"It was by no means an unusual occurrence for us, after a heavy dew, to kill, in the morning, within a quarter of a mile of camp, more than twenty rattle-snakes, which, having come out to imbibe the dew, had become benumbed by the cool night air, and so were an easy prey. Our Major awoke one morning with one of these reptiles coiled up against his leg, it having nestled there for warmth. He dared not stir until a servant came and removed the intruder. I had now an opportunity of testing the truth of what I heard, but never before believed: in the month of August only, these snakes are doubly venomous, but totally blind. An old hunter will tell you that the poison then is so virulent as to deprive the reptile of sight. * * *

"On the night of the 17th of August we halted at Pecos. This is a small Mexican village that takes its name from the ruins of the Indian town which formerly stood here. All that is left of what was one of the most celebrated of the Aztec towns is the church, which is of immense size, and supposed to be above five hundred years old. This is the church which contained the sacred fire, said to have been kindled by Montezuma with orders to keep it burning until his return. The fire was kept alive for more than three hundred years, when, having, by some accident, been allowed to go out, and most of the town having been depopulated by disease, the remainder of the inhabitants abandoned the place, and joined a neighbouring village. There are many traditions connected with this old church, one of which is that it was built by a race of giants fifteen feet in height, but these dying off, they were succeeded by dwarfs with red heads, who, being in their turn exterminated, were followed by the Aztecs. But a singular part of the story is that both the large and the small men were white. The bones which have been dug from the floor of the church are, certainly, of gigantic size. A thigh bone that I saw could never have belonged to a man less than ten feet high. * * * *

"We first met, on this part of the road, with the species of palm called by us Soap-weed, from the fact that the Mexicans use its root as a substitute for soap, for which it answers very well. Indeed, it is considered superior to it for the washing of woollens. I believe it is rightly named the Lechuguilla.

"This singular shrub, which is to be also met with on the prairies, but where it never grows to any considerable size, consists of a trunk, very pithy, surmounted by a fine head of stiff leaves, each of which is about two feet and a half in length, and armed at the end with a long thorn. The leaves project from the stalk on all sides, and set as close as possible, and are of a dark-green colour. The flower is white and very pretty. As each year's foliage decays, it drops down against the trunk, of a light-brown colour. These dry leaves, when fire is applied, flash up like gunpowder, and burn with a bright light. Our night marches could be marked by their flames, which, as the nights were cold (although the days were comfortable) were cheering.

"I have been thus particular in describing this plant for several reasons: one is, its many uses—of the leaves, the natives make their hats; also, when dressed like hemp, it is formed into ropes and sacks, looking like the material known as Manilla-hemp, though coarser. These plants have a singularly provoking quality; being from two to eight feet in height, they will assume to the eye, in the twilight, the most deceptive forms. To the sentinel, they will appear as forms of men; and many an unconscious soap-weed has run the chance of a sentry's shot, from not answering to the challenge of 'Who goes there?' If your mule or horse has strayed from camp, and you start to hunt for him in the gray of the morning, you are sure to be led first in one direction and then in another, by one of these shrubs, which, from a short distance, has taken the form of your animal. Time after time you may have been thus deceived—yet never seeming to learn experience from a soap-weed."

Mentioning the Apache Indians, our informant adds:

"Some tribes of these Indians live entirely on mule and horse flesh, while others eat the prairie wolf, but there is no doubt they prefer fat cows and steers, frequently running off several thousand head at a time. If a quarrel arises on the foray about the ownership of an animal, they kill the creature, leaving it where it falls, and, of course, the dispute with it. Their track can be traced by this frequent mark of a quarrel.

"The government of Chihuahua at one time set a price on every Apache scalp; it was, I believe, one hundred dollars for a man, fifty dollars for a squaw, and twenty-five dollars for a papoose. This plan was afterwards abandoned; and an Irishman, named James Kirker, was hired, at a high salary, to attempt the extermination of the tribe. This was rather an extensive operation, as they numbered about fifteen thousand. However, he, with a band of Americans and Mexicans, soon made the Apaches fear him. The Mexicans look upon him as almost superhuman; but I have heard from credible authority, that his bravery is rather lukewarm, and that his victories have always been achieved through cunning. He has never risked a fight, unless when his own party had greatly outnumbered the Indians, or when he could catch them asleep—and even then he himself prudently keeps in the back ground. He joined us the morning after the fight of Bracito, having given up hunting the Indians, in consequence of the government having forgotten to pay him. He was very useful to us, serving as guide and interpreter, during all the time we remained in the country. One night, while on our march, three Apache Indians came down and carried off several yoke of oxen and a fine mule, the property of a trader. Lieutenant Jack Hinton took a few men, and followed them for two days, got back the cattle and mule, and killed one of the Indians—bringing in his scalp. At Chihuahua, I found in the office of the Secretary of State, a mass of letters from prefects of small towns complaining of incursions of these savages—indeed, there was one shelved-side of a room entirely devoted to filed papers on this subject. * *

"I do not think I have previously spoken of the immense number of dogs in Mexico,—it seems to me beyond calculation; and being almost all a cross of the prairie wolf, have an exceedingly mean appearance. I did not see a gentlemanly dog in all Mexico. The pet dogs are called 'Comanche;' but why I know not. They are without any hair, and of a dark slate colour; and to me, the nastiest animals I know of to look at or to feel. And as to the dogs in general, I should advise a traveller never to stir out without a revolving pistol. The dogs have as strong a dislike to it as their masters, and the possession alone will be a sufficient safeguard rom either cur or owner."

Of one of the fights we have an amusing episode:

"During our march from El Paso to Chihuahua, the black servants of the different officers of the regiment formed themselves into a company. There were twelve of them, of which number eleven were officers, and one high private. Jo————, servant to Lieut. D————, was elected Captain. He was the blackest of the crowd, and sported a large black feather with a small black hat—also, a large sabre, with an intensely bright brass hilt—which same sabre was eternally getting involved with the intricate windings of his bow legs. With Jo for captain they were a formidable body, and to hear them talk, they would work wonders! During the battle of Sacramento, however, the company was not to be seen; but after the action was over, they were espied breaking out from the wagons, and joining in the pursuit. That evening one of our officers attacked Jo about his company.

"'Well, Jo, I hear your men were hid behind the wagons during the fight?'

"'Lieutenant, I'se berry sorry to say it am de truf! I done eberyting—I call'd on de paterism ob de men—I injoked dem by all dey hold most deah in dis world and de nex, but it was no go—dey would get on the wrong sides ob de wagons.'

"'But what did *you* do there?'

"'I stood dar gittin' cooler, and the firing kept gittin' hotter, and at last de cannon balls cum so ormighty fass I thought de best ting dis nigga could do, war to get behind de wagons heself!' * * * *

"The whole country to the south of Chihuahua swarmed with small black and yellow lizards, which started from under our horses' feet in all directions; they moved with remarkable rapidity, and it was difficult to catch them. Their number was so great at times, as to give a seeming living motion to the ground."

At the pretty town of Parras we have a revolting story:

"The next day, a horrible occurrence took place. One of our cannon drivers, a young and remarkably inoffensive man, who had been on the sick list for a week previous, had started, with two or three companions, to take a look at the town; but, after proceeding some way, he had found himself too weak to go further, and had separated from his companions to return to camp, when, a thorn having entered his foot, he drew off his boot and sat down in the street. He was looking into his boot, when a stone struck him on the forehead, and knocked him down senseless. He supposed that the Mexicans then beat him on the face with stones, and left him for dead. On recovering his senses, he made his way down to camp; and I never saw a more horrible sight than his face presented; his forehead was broken through in two places, and the flesh all cut to pieces, and his lower jaw broken; besides a fracture just below the eye. His wounds were dressed, and he seemed to be rapidly recovering at the time we left him at Saltillo; but I afterwards heard that he died of lockjaw. The sight of our friend's bloody figure at once excited some of the soldiers; and they sallied into the town, and closed most of the shops. Vengeance was sworn, and each felt that, after what had happened, it would not require much provocation to produce an outbreak. Nor did it. A short time afterwards, a Mexican sat down on the pole of one of our wagons. The driver, who was sitting near, and who, from having been a prisoner among them for some time, spoke Spanish, told him, mildly, to get off, as the hounds were broken, and he was injuring the wagon by sitting on that part. The fellow insolently responded, 'I shall not—this ground is as much mine as yours.' Without another word, the teamster caught up his heavy iron-shod whip, and struck the Mexican on the left temple, fracturing the skull four inches. He fell, but got up and staggered off. However, he died the same night. This occurrence happened before the house of the constable of the alcalde, who came running out with his staff of office in one hand, and a drawn sabre in the other, crying out, 'Respect the law.' But an American, standing by, knocked the constable down with his fist, and seizing his sabre, bent it up and threw it into the sako. The constable moved off, and did not venture to interfere in that or any other matter during the [illegible]. In the night a Mexican was found dead [illegible] horrible sabre wound in his breast, [illegible] the street.

"This system of retaliation ca[illegible]

managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the King, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels, satires, and lampoons of these days were composed:

'You may strut, dapper* George, but 't will all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you, that reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.'†

"This was one of the poetical pasquinades that were handed about in manuscript at this time. There was another that began:

'Since England was England, there never was seen
So strutting a King, and so prating a Queen,' &c.

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"We first met, on this part of the road, with the species of palm called by us Soap-weed, from the fact that the Mexicans use its root as a substitute for soap, for which it answers very well. Indeed, it is considered superior to it for the washing of woollens. I believe it is rightly named the Lechuguilla.

"This singular shrub, which is to be also met with on the prairies, but where it never grows to any considerable size, consists of a trunk, very pithy, surmounted by a fine head of stiff leaves, each of which is about two feet and a half in length, and armed at the end with a long thorn. The leaves project from the stalk on all sides, and set as close as possible, and are of a dark-green colour. The flower is white and very pretty. As each year's foliage decays, it drops down against the trunk, of a light-brown colour. These dry leaves, when fire is applied, flash up like gunpowder, and burn with a bright light. Our night marches could be marked by their flames, which, as the nights were cold (although the days were comfortable) were cheering.

"I have been thus particular in describing this plant for several reasons: one is, its many uses—of the leaves, the natives make their hats; also, when dressed like hemp, it is formed into ropes and sacks, looking like the material known as Manilla-hemp, though coarser. These plants have a singularly provoking quality; being from two to eight feet in height, they will assume to the eye, in the twilight, the most deceptive forms. To the sentinel, they will appear as forms of men; and many an unconscious soap-weed has run the chance of a sentry's shot, from not answering to the challenge of 'Who goes there?' If your mule or horse has strayed from camp, and you start to hunt for him in the gray of the morning, you are sure to be led first in one direction and then in another, by one of these shrubs, which, from a short distance, has taken the form of your animal. Time after time you may have been thus deceived—yet never seeming to learn experience from a soap-weed."

Mentioning the Apache Indians, our informant adds:

"Some tribes of these Indians live entirely on mule and horse flesh, while others eat the prairie wolf, but there is no doubt they prefer fat cows and steers, frequently running off several thousand head at a time. If a quarrel arises on the foray about the ownership of an animal, they kill the creature, leaving it where it falls, and, of course, the dispute with it. Their track can be traced by this frequent mark of a quarrel.

"The government of Chihuahua at one time set a price on every Apache scalp; it was, I believe, one hundred dollars for a man, fifty dollars for a squaw, and twenty-five dollars for a papoose. This plan was afterwards abandoned; and an Irishman, named James Kirker, was hired, at a high salary, to attempt the extermination of the tribe. This was rather an extensive operation, as they numbered about fifteen thousand. However, he, with a band of Americans and Mexicans, soon made the Apaches fear him. The Mexicans look upon him as almost superhuman; but I have heard from credible authority, that his bravery is rather lukewarm, and that his victories have always been achieved through cunning. He has never risked a fight, unless when his own party had greatly outnumbered the Indians, or when he could catch them asleep—and even then he himself prudently keeps in the back ground. He joined us the morning after the fight of Bracito, having given up hunting the Indians, in consequence of the government having forgotten to pay him. He was very useful to us, serving as guide and interpreter, during all the time we remained in the country. One night, while on our march, three Apache Indians came down and carried off several yoke of oxen and a fine mule, the property of a trader. Lieutenant Jack Hinton took a few men, and followed them for two days, got back the cattle and mule, and killed one of the Indians—bringing in his scalp. At Chihuahua, I found in the office of the Secretary of State, a mass of letters from prefects of small towns complaining of incursions of these savages—indeed, there was one shelved-side of a room entirely devoted to filed papers on this subject. * *

"I do not think I have previously spoken of the immense number of dogs in Mexico,—it seems to me beyond calculation; and being almost all a cross of the prairie wolf, have an exceedingly mean appearance. I did not see a gentlemanly dog in all Mexico. The pet dogs are called 'Comanche;' but why I know not. They are without any hair, and of a dark slate colour; and to me, the nastiest animals I know of to look at or to feel. And as to the dogs in general, I should advise a traveller never to stir out without a revolving pistol. The dogs have as strong a dislike to it as their masters, and the possession alone will be a sufficient safeguard rom either cur or owner."

Of one of the fights we have an amusing episode:

"During our march from El Paso to Chihuahua, the black servants of the different officers of the regiment formed themselves into a company. There were twelve of them, of which number eleven were officers, and one high private. Jo————, servant to Lieut. D————, was elected Captain. He was the blackest of the crowd, and sported a large black feather with a small black hat—also, a large sabre, with an intensely bright brass hilt—which same sabre was eternally getting involved with the intricate windings of his bow legs. With Jo for captain they were a formidable body, and to hear them talk, they would work wonders! During the battle of Sacramento, however, the company was not to be seen; but after the action was over, they were espied breaking out from the wagons, and joining in the pursuit. That evening one of our officers attacked Jo about his company.

"'Well, Jo, I hear your men were hid behind the wagons during the fight?'

"'Lieutenant, I'se berry sorry to say it am de truf! I done eberyting—I call'd on de paterism ob de men—I injoked dem by all dey hold most deah in dis world and de nex, but it was no go—dey would get on the wrong sides ob de wagons.'

"'But what did *you* do there?'

"'I stood dar gittin' cooler, and the firing kept gittin' hotter, and at last de cannon balls cum so ormighty fass I thought de best ting dis nigga could do, war to get behind de wagons heself!' * * * *

"The whole country to the south of Chihuahua swarmed with small black and yellow lizards, which started from under our horses' feet in all directions; they moved with remarkable rapidity, and it was difficult to catch them. Their number was so great at times, as to give a seeming living motion to the ground."

At the pretty town of Parras we have a revolting story:

"The next day, a horrible occurrence took place. One of our cannon drivers, a young and remarkably inoffensive man, who had been on the sick list for a week previous, had started, with two or three companions, to take a look at the town; but, after proceeding some way, he had found himself too weak to go further, and had separated from his companions to return to camp, when, a thorn having entered his foot, he drew off his boot and sat down in the street. He was looking into his boot, when a stone struck him on the forehead, and knocked him down senseless. He supposed that the Mexicans then beat him on the face with stones, and left him for dead. On recovering his senses, he made his way down to camp; and I never saw a more horrible sight than his face presented; his forehead was broken through in two places, and the flesh all cut to pieces, and his lower jaw broken; besides a fracture just below the eye. His wounds were dressed, and he seemed to be rapidly recovering at the time we left him at Saltillo; but I afterwards heard that he died of lockjaw. The sight of our friend's bloody figure at once excited some of the soldiers; and they sallied into the town, and closed most of the shops. Vengeance was sworn, and each felt that, after what had happened, it would not require much provocation to produce an outbreak. Nor did it. A short time afterwards, a Mexican sat down on the pole of one of our wagons. The driver, who was sitting near, and who, from having been a prisoner among them for some time, spoke Spanish, told him, mildly, to get off, as the hounds were broken, and he was injuring the wagon by sitting on that part. The fellow insolently responded, 'I shall not—this ground is as much mine as yours.' Without another word, the teamster caught up his heavy iron-shod whip, and struck the Mexican on the left temple, fracturing the skull four inches. He fell, but got up and staggered off. However, he died the same night. This occurrence happened before the house of the constable of the alcalde, who came running out with his staff of office in one hand, and a drawn sabre in the other, crying out, 'Respect the law.' But an American, standing by, knocked the constable down with his fist, and seizing his sabre, bent it up and threw it into the sako. The constable moved off, and did not venture to interfere in that or any other matter during the day. In the night a Mexican was found dead, with a horrible sabre wound in his breast, lying in the the street.

"This system of retaliation cannot be do-

fended; but the offence on the Mexican side was very gross, after the uniform kind treatment they had met with from us; and it was more surprising, because this was the town where, when General Wool arrived, the inhabitants had quarrelled as to who should receive and attend on the American sick—everybody being desirous to receive them into their houses. And we had never met with such treatment north of this place, the Mexicans seeming properly to appreciate the forbearance exhibited by our soldiers. Whenever we encamped, in five minutes, women and children would roam through the tents to sell different articles, never meeting with insult or injury.

"Although we had flogged several Mexicans very severely at Chihuahua for stealing, yet the rest of the inhabitants were not dissatisfied; it being known that we were whipping common thieves, and that the example would, probably, prove beneficial."

We finish with another characteristic sketch:

"Taking a stroll through the town of Ceralvo, I found, sitting under a tree, dealing monte, a genuine specimen of the Texian ranger. His name, he said, was John Smith—a name which I thought I had heard before. In height he was about six feet four inches, of a stout sinewy frame, dressed in a mongrel attire, his coat being of American manufacture, his pantaloons Mexican, and his belt Indian. A fine white shirt, open some distance down, tied with a black silk handkerchief, studiedly knotted, and a Mexican sombrero, completed his dress. By his side was standing his younger brother, about fifteen years old, dressed, with little variation, in the same style, and with two enormous silver mounted holster pistols in his waist, one under each arm. The elder also had a quantity of silver buttons and little ornaments upon his hat-band and clothes; while, on the faces of both, the word desperado was indelibly stamped. I sat down by John Smith and drew him into conversation. He told me that the United States did not give the rangers any rations either for man or horse, but paid an equivalent; and that they procured their subsistence out of the Mexicans. And the process of doing this he thus graphically described: 'Waal, you see when we want anything, a few of us start off to some rich hacienda near here, and tell the proprietor that in half an hour we must have so much of provisions. Waal, of course he don't like that much, so he refuses. One of us then just knots a lasso round the old devil's neck, and fastens it to his saddle-bow, first passing it over a limb of some tree; then mounting his horse he starts off a few feet giving him a hoist, and then returns dropping him down again. After a few such swings, he soon provides what we have called for. Perhaps you think we've done with him then, eh? Not by a long shot. We have to jerk him a few times more, and then the money or gold-dust is handed out. When we've got everything out of him we let the yellow devil go. We don't hurt him much, and he soon gets over it.' Who can wonder at the Mexican becoming a guerilla?

"I have been credibly informed that when these rangers are sent out on scouting parties, a Mexican guide is generally provided, but that he never returns; the Texians always shooting him on some pretext or other before he gets back. Their usual mode is to frighten him with threats, and, after putting him under guard, to have one of their number go up to the poor fellow, and advise him to run off immediately he sees the sentinel's back is turned. This he does, and the sentinel, having received his cue, shoots him while attempting to escape. One of the most dastardly acts I ever heard of was perpetrated by half a dozen Texian officers a short time before we came down. They had lost their way, and hired a Mexican to show them to their camp, which he faithfully performed; but when they came in sight of it, they drew lots who should shoot their faithful and unsuspecting guide—the one on whom the lot fell, immediately drew a pistol and shot him.

"Most of these rangers are men who have been either prisoners in Mexico, or, in some way, injured by Mexicans, and they, therefore, spare none, but shoot down every one they meet. It is said that the bushes, skirting the road from Monterey southward, are strewed with skeletons of Mexicans sacrificed by these desperadoes.

"While we rested at Ceralvo, I witnessed the execution of a Mexican supposed to be one of Urrea's lawless band. The Texians pretended to consider him as such; but there was no doubt that this was only used as a cloak to cover their insatiable desire to destroy those they so bitterly hate. A furlough was found upon this Mexican, from his army, to visit his family, ending as our furloughs do, that should he overstay his leave of absence, he would be considered a deserter. This time he had considerably overstayed; and he himself stated that he had never intended to return, being in favour of the Americans. But the rangers tried him by a court-martial; and adjudged him to be shot that very day. As the hour struck, he was led into the public piazza; and five rangers took their post a few feet off, as executioners. The condemned coolly pulled out his flint and steel, and little paper-cigarito; and, striking a light, commenced smoking as calmly as can possibly be imagined, and—in two minutes—fell a corpse, with the still smoking cigarito yet between his lips. I did not see a muscle of his face quiver, when the rifles were levelled at him, but he looked coolly at his executioners, pressing a small cross, which hung to his neck, firmly against his breast. I turned from the scene sickened at heart."

NEW NOVEL.

Rose, Blanche, and Violet. By G. H. Lewes, Esq. Author of "Ranthorpe," &c. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

To deny the author of this book both talent and ability would be manifestly unjust; but the use he has put them to is not less questionable. It is a strange, and, we are sorry to add, very objectionable production. The characters are forcibly drawn and set in action, and the observations, which display a philosophising mind and much insight into human nature, flow naturally out of the narrative; but the descriptions often tend to a loose warmth, and it would seem as if nearly the whole drama consisted of unprincipled male seducers, and of females at least ready for considerable mistakes and errors in judgment. Truly does the author tell us in his clever preface—

"When a distinct Moral presides over the composition of a work of fiction, there is great danger of its so shaping the story to suit a purpose, that human nature is falsified by being coerced within the sharply defined limits of some small dogma.

"So conscious of this did I become in the progress of my story, that I was forced to abandon my original intention, in favour of a more natural evolution of incident and character; accordingly the Moral has been left to shift for itself. It was a choice between truth of passion and character, on the one hand, and on the other, didactic clearness. I could not hesitate in choosing the former."

Not only has the moral, if there ever was any, been left to shift for itself, but the passions which have superseded it, are of so opposite a cast as to assume the immoral. Mr. Lewes attempts, however, to draw one great lesson from the whole, and truly says—

"Strength of Will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. Will is the central force which gives strength and greatness to character. We over-estimate the value of Talent, because it dazzles us; and we are apt to underrate the importance of Will, because its works are less shining. Talent gracefully adorns life; but it is Will which carries us victoriously through the struggle. Intellect is the torch which lights us on our way: Will the strong arm which roughhews the path for us. The clever, weak man sees all the obstacles on his path; the very torch he carries, being brighter than that of most men, enables him, perhaps, to see that the path before him may be directest, the best,—yet it also enables him to see the crooked turnings by which he may, as he fancies, reach the goal without encountering difficulties. If, indeed, Intellect were a sun, instead of a torch,—if it irradiated every corner and crevice—then should man see how, in spite of every obstacle, the direct path was the only safe one, and he would cut his way through by manful labour. But constituted as we are, it is the clever, weak men who stumble most—the strong men who are most virtuous and happy. In this world, there cannot be virtue without strong Will; the weak 'know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.'

"No one, I suppose, will accuse me of deifying Obstinacy, or even mere brute Will; nor of depreciating Intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honour of mere Intelligence; and the older I grow the clearer I see that Intellect is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life: it is not the, 'be-all and the end-all here.' Life is not Science. The light of Intellect is truly a precious light; but its aim and end is simply to shine. The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—but it is the tendency of our gaping wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice, are worth all the talents in the world."

The good sense and spirit of these prefatory remarks led us to expect a work more to be commended than we can commend "Rose, Blanche, and Violet"; which, we must repeat, disappoints the early hope its opening inspires, in its conduct throughout, and is liable to grave censures for the prevailing deformity of its characters and their acts. Having had this unfavourable judgment forced from us, we need hardly state that we will refrain from meddling with any of these doings; but, in fairness to the writer, we copy the following portraits, which will sustain our praise of his originality:

"Meredith Vyner, of Wytton Hall, Devonshire, was the kindest if not the most fascinating of husbands. A book-worm and pedant, he had the follies of his tribe, and was as open to ridicule as the worst of them; but, with all his foibles, he was a kind, gentle, weak, indolent creature, who made many friends, and, what is more, retained them.

"There was something remarkable though not engaging in his appearance. He looked like a dirty bishop. In his pale puffy face there was an ecclesiastical mildness, which assorted well with a large forehead and weak chin, though it brought into stronger contrast the pugnacity of a short blunt nose, the nostrils of which were somewhat elevated and garnished with long black hairs. A physiognomist would at once have pronounced him obstinate, but weak; loud in the assertion of his intentions, vacillating in their execution. His large person was curiously encased in invariable black; a tail coat with enormous skirts, in which were pockets capacious enough, to contain a stout volume; the waistcoat of black silk, liberally sprinkled with grains of snuff, reached below the waist, and almost concealed the watch-chain and its indefinite number of gold seals which dangled from the fob; of his legs he was as proud as men usually are who

have an ungraceful development of calf; and hence, perhaps the reason of his adhering to the black tights of our fathers. Shoes, large, square, and roomy, with broad silver buckles, completed his invariable and somewhat anachronical attire.

People laughed at Meredith Vyner for his dirty nails and his love of Horace (whom he was always quoting, without regard to the probability of his hearers understanding Latin—for the practice seemed involuntary); but they respected him for his integrity and goodness, and for his great, though ill-assorted erudition. In a word, he was laughed at, but there was no malice in the laughter."

His feelings on the death of his wife are touchingly told:

"As Captain Heath stood gazing on the miniature of his lost friend, a heavy hand was placed upon his shoulder: and on turning round he beheld Meredith Vyner, on whose large, pale face sorrow had deepened the lines; his eyes were bloodshot and swollen with crying. In silence, they pressed each other's hands for some moments, both unable to speak. At last, in a trembling voice, Vyner said, 'Gone, gone! She's gone from us.'

"Heath responded by a fervent pressure of the hand.

"'Only three weeks ill,' continued the wretched widower, 'and so unexpected!'

"'She died without pain,' he added, after a pause; 'sweetly resigned. She is in heaven now. I shall follow her soon: I feel I shall. I cannot survive her loss.'

"'Do not forget your children.'

"'I do not; I will not. Is not one of them *her* child? I will struggle for its sake. So young to be cut off!'

"There was another pause, in which each pursued the train of his sad thoughts. The hot air puffed through the blinds of the darkened room, and the muffled sounds of distant waves breaking upon the shore were faintly heard'

"'Come with me,' said Vyner, rising.

"He led the captain into the bed-room.

"'There she lay,' he said, pointing to the bed: 'you see the mark of the coffin on the coverlet? I would not have it disturbed. It is the last trace she left.'

"The tears rolled down his cheek as he gazed upon this frightful memento.

"'In this room I sat up a whole night when they laid her in the coffin, and all night as I gazed upon those loved features, placid in their eternal repose, I was constantly fancying that she breathed, and that her bosom heaved again with life. Alas! it was but the mockery of my love. She remained cold to my kiss—insensible to the tenderness which watched over her. Yet I *could* not leave her. It was foolish, perhaps, but it was all that remained to me. To gaze upon her was painful, yet there was pleasure in that pain. The face which had smiled such sunshine on me, which had so often looked up to mine in love, that face was now cold, lifeless—but it was *hers*, and I could not leave it. My poor, poor girl!'

"His sobs interrupted him. Captain Heath had no disposition to check a grief which would evidently wear itself away much more rapidly by thus dwelling on the subject, than by any effort to drive it from the mind. To say the truth, Heath was himself too much moved to speak. The long, sharply-defined trace of the coffin on the coverlet was to him more terrible than the sight of the corpse could have been; it was so painfully suggestive.

"'The second night,' continued Vyner, 'they prevailed on me to go to bed; but I could not sleep. No sooner did I drop into an uneasy doze, than some horrible dream aroused me. My waking thoughts were worse. I was continually fancying that the rats would—would—ugh! At last I got up and went into the room. Who should be there but Violet! The dear child was in her night dress, praying by the side of the bed! She did not move when I came in. I knelt down with her. We both offered up our feeble prayers to Him who had been pleased to take her from us. We prayed together, we wept together. We kissed gently the pale rigid face, and then the dear child suffered me to lead her away without a word. It was only then that I suspected the depth of Violet's grief. She had not cried so much as Rose and Blanche. I thought she was too young to feel the loss. But from that moment I understood the strange light which plays in her eyes when she speaks of her mother.'

"He stooped over the bed and kissed it; and then, quite overcome, he threw himself upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands. The ceaseless wash of the distant waves was now distinctly heard, and it gave a deeper melancholy to the scene. Captain Heath's feelings were so wound up, that the room was becoming insupportable to him, and desirous of shaking off these impressions, he endeavoured to console his friend.

"'I ought to be more firm,' said Vyner, rising, 'but I cannot help it. I am not ashamed of these tears—

> Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis?

But I ought not to distress others by them.'

"He led the way down stairs, and, as the children were out, made Heath promise to return to dinner; 'it would help to make them all more cheerful.'

"Captain Heath departed somewhat shocked at the pedantry which in such a moment could think of Horace; and by that very pedantry he was awakened to a sense of the ludicrous figure which sorrow had made of Vyner.

"We are so constituted that, while scarcely anything disturbs our hilarity, the least incongruity which seems to lessen the earnestness of grief, chills our sympathy at once. Vyner's quotation introduced into the mind of his friend an undefined suspicion of the sincerity of that grief which could admit of such incongruity. But the suspicion was unjust. It was not pedantry which dictated that quotation. Pedantry is the pride and ostentation of learning, and at that moment Vyner was assuredly not thinking of displaying an acquaintance with the Latin poet. He was simply obeying a habit; he gave utterance to a sentence which his too faithful memory presented."

Another portrait will suffice:

"Mary Hardcastle was just nineteen. There was something wonderfully attractive about her, though it puzzled you to say wherein lay the precise attraction. Very diminutive, and slightly humpbacked, she had somewhat the air of a sprite—so tiny, so agile, so fragile, and cunning did she appear; and this appearance was further aided by the amazing luxuriance of her golden hair, which hung in curls, drooping to her waist. The mixture of deformity and grace in her figure was almost unearthly. She had a skin of exquisite texture and whiteness, and the blood came and went in her face with the most charming mobility. All her features were alive, and all had their peculiar character. The great defects of her face were, the thinness of her lips, and the cat-like cruelty sometimes visible in her small, grey eyes. I find it impossible to convey, in words, the effect of her personal charms. The impression was so mixed up of the graceful and diabolic, of the attractive and repulsive, that I know of no better description of her than is given in Marmaduke's favourite names for her; he called her his 'fascinating panther,' and his 'tiger-eyed sylph.'

"She had completely enslaved Marmaduke Ashley. With the blood of the tropics in his veins, he had much of the instinct of the savage, and as when a boy he had felt a peculiar passion for snakes and tigers, so in his manhood were there certain fibres which the implacable eyes of Mary Hardcastle made vibrate with a delight no other woman had roused. He was then only twenty-four, and in all the credulity of youth.

"Everything transpired accordingly to Mary's wish, and at nine o'clock she contrived to slip away in the evening, unnoticed, to meet her lover on the sands. True, it was not moonlight. She had forgotten that the moon would not rise; but, after the first disappointment, she was consoled by the muttering of distant thunder, and the dark and stormy appearance of the night; a storm would have been a more romantic parting scene than any moonlight could afford. So when Marmaduke joined her, she was in a proper state of excitement, and felt as miserable as the most exacting school-girl could require. The sea, as it broke sullenly upon the shore, heaved not its bosom with a heavier sigh, than that with which she greeted her lover, and nestled in his arms. She wept bitterly, reproached her fate, and wished to die that moment. Marmaduke, who had never before seen such a display of her affection, was intensely gratified, and with passionate protestations of his undying love, endeavoured to console her.

"But she did not want to be consoled. As she could not be happy with him, her only relief was to be miserable. Self-pity was the balm for her wounds. By making herself thoroughly wretched, she stood well in her own opinion. In fact, without her being aware of it, her love sprang not from the heart, but from the head. She was acting a part in her own drama, and naturally chose the most romantic part.

"The storm threatened, but did not burst. The heavens continued dark; and the white streaks of foam cresting the dark waves were almost the only things the eye could discern. The lovers did not venture far from the house, but paced up and down, occasionally pausing in the earnestness of talk.

"Their conversation need not be recorded here; the more so as it was but a repetition of one or two themes, such as the misery of their situation, the constancy of their affection, and their sanguineness of his speedy return and their happy union."

What pity that one who can write so well should write so much to offend the judicious, and silence the voice of praise.

CONVICT CLASS IN AUSTRALIA.

[Col. Mitchell's Australia; Third Notice: Conclusion.]

AGREEABLY to our promise, we now conclude our Review of Col. Mitchell's book, with his description of a portion of the companions chosen for his expedition. He goes to select them from the convict class; and says:

"It was not easy to find one without a catalogue of offences, filling a whole page of police-office annals. Still there were redeeming circumstances, corroborated by physical developments, sufficient to guide me in the selection of a party from amongst these prisoners. With them, I mixed one or two faithful Irishmen, on whom I knew I could depend, and two or three of my old followers on former journeys, who had become free.

"This party of convicts, so organised, with such strong inducements to behave well, and so few temptations to lead them astray, may be supposed to have afforded a favourable opportunity for studying the convict character. It may be asked by some, how such a party could have been made to yield submissive obedience for so long a period as a year, away from all other authority than mere moral control. This was chiefly because these men were placed in a position where it was so very clearly for

their own interest to conduct themselves properly. Accordingly, the greater number, as on all former expeditions, gave the highest satisfaction, submitting cheerfully to privations, enduring hardships, and encountering dangers, apparently willing and resolved to do anything to escape from the degraded condition of a convict. But still there were a few, amounting in all to six, who, even in such a party, animated by such hopes, could not divest themselves of their true character, nor even disguise it for a time, as an expedient for the achievement of their liberty. These men were known amongst the rest as the 'flash mob.' They spoke the secret language of thieves; were ever intent on robbing the stores, with false keys (called by them *screws*). They held it to be wrong to exert themselves at any work, if it could be avoided; and would not be seen to endeavour to please by willing co-operation. They kept themselves out of sight as much as possible; neglected their arms; shot away their ammunition contrary to orders; and ate in secret whatever they did kill, or whatever fish they caught. Professing to be men of 'the Fancy,' they made converts of two promising men, who, at first, were highly thought of, and although one of them was finally reclaimed, a hero of the prize ring, it was too obvious that the men, who glory in breaking the laws, and all of whose songs even express sentiments of dishonesty, can easily lead the unwary and still susceptible of the unfortunate class, into snares from which they cannot afterwards escape if they would. Once made parties to an offence against the law, they are bound as by a spell, to the order of flash boys, with whom it is held to be base and cowardly to act 'upon the square,' or *honestly* in any sense of the word; their order professing to act ever 'upon the cross.' These men were so well-known to the better disposed and more numerous portion of the party, that the night-guards had to be so arranged, as that the stores or the camp should never be entirely in their hands. Thus a watch was required to be set as regularly over the stores, when the party was close to Sydney, as when it was surrounded by savage tribes in the interior."

And these are to supersede the native Australian. "There is," we are told, "no subject connected with New South Wales, or Australia, less understood in England than the character and condition of the aboriginal natives. They have been described as the lowest in the scale of humanity, yet I found those who accompanied me superior in penetration and judgment to the white men composing my party. Their means of subsistence and their habits are both extremely simple; but they are adjusted with admirable fitness to the few resources afforded by such a country, in its wild state. What these resources are, and how they are economised by the natives, can only be learnt by an extensive acquaintance with the interior; and the knowledge of a few simple facts, bearing on this subject, may not be wholly devoid of interest.

"Fire, grass, kangaroos, and human inhabitants, seem all dependent on each other for existence in Australia; for any one of these being wanting, the others could no longer continue. Fire is necessary to burn the grass, and form those open forests, in which we find the large forest-kangaroo; the native applies that fire to the grass at certain seasons, in order that a young green crop may subsequently spring up, and so attract and enable him to kill or take the kangaroo with nets. In summer, the burning of long grass also discloses vermin, birds' nests, &c., on which the females and children, who chiefly burn the grass, feed. But for this simple process, the Australian woods had probably contained as thick a jungle as those of New Zealand or America, instead of the open forests in which the white men now find grass for their cattle, to the exclusion of the kangaroo, which is well-known to forsake all those parts of the colony where cattle run. The intrusion therefore of cattle is by itself sufficient to produce the extirpation of the native race, by limiting their means of existence; and this must work such extensive changes in Australia as never entered into the contemplation of the local authorities. The squatters, it is true, have also been obliged to burn the old grass occasionally on their runs; but so little has this been understood by the Imperial Government that an order against the burning of the grass was once sent out, on the representations of a traveller in the south. The omission of the annual periodical burning by natives, of the grass and young saplings, has already produced in the open forest lands nearest to Sydney, thick forests of young trees, where, formerly, a man might gallop without impediment, and see whole miles before him. Kangaroos are no longer to be seen there; the grass is choked by underwood; neither are there natives to burn the grass, nor is fire longer desirable there amongst the fences of the settler. The occupation of the territory by the white race seems thus to involve, as an inevitable result, the extirpation of the aborigines; and it may well be pleaded, in extenuation of any adverse feelings these may show towards the white men, that these consequences, although so little considered by the intruders, must be obvious to the natives, with their usual acuteness, as soon as cattle enter on their territory. The foregoing journal affords instances of the habits of the natives in these respects. Silently, but surely, that extirpation of aborigines is going forward in grazing districts, even where protectors of aborigines have been most active; and in Van Diemen's Land, the race has been extirpated, even before that of the kangaroos, under an agency still more destructive. * * *

"There is no country in which labour appears to be more required to render it available to, and habitable by, civilised men, than New South Wales or Australia. Without labour, the inhabitants must be savages, or, at least, such helpless people as we find the aborigines. The squatters' condition is intermediate, temporary, and one of necessity. That country without navigable rivers, intersected by rocky ranges, and subject to uncertain seasons, is unfavourable to agriculture and trade; to social intercourse, and to the moral and physical prosperity of civilised man.

"With equal truth it may be observed, that there is no region of earth susceptible of so much improvement, solely by the labour and ingenuity of man. If there be no navigable rivers, there are no unwholesome savannas; if there are rocky ranges, they afford, at least, the means of forming reservoirs of water; and, although it is there uncertain when rain may fall, it is certain that an abundant supply does fall; and the hand of man alone is wanting to preserve that supply and regulate its use. In such a clime, and under such a sun, that most important of elements in cultivation, water, could thus be rendered much more subservient to man's use than it is in other warm regions, where, if the general vegetation be more luxuriant, the air is less salubrious. Sufficient water for all purposes of cultivation, health, and enjoyment, is quite at the command of art and industry in this most luxuriant of climates. Thus, the peculiar disadvantages Australia presents in her wild state, are such as would greatly enhance the value of such a country under the operation of human industry. In such a climate, for instance, an abundance of water would be found a much greater luxury when retained, distributed, and adjusted, by such means, to man's uses, than where an abundance is but the natural product of cloudy skies and frequent rains. Where natural resources exist, but require art and industry for their development, the field is open for the combination of science and skill, the profitable investment of capital, and the useful employment of labour. Such is New South Wales.

"But the age of such adaptations there is still to come. The future is too much speculated upon; hence no system of agriculture has been yet adjusted to the peculiarities of climate and soil. Instead of studying and adopting the agriculture of similar climates, and the arts by which deficiencies in similar latitudes have from time immemorial been corrected, irrigation, for instance, has not been yet attempted; the natural fertility of the soil has alone been relied on, to compensate, in favourable seasons, for the deficiencies of others, not favourable, perhaps, for the growth of wheat or barley, but the best imaginable for that of other kinds of productions. So generally available is the structure of the country for the reservation of water by dams, that a small number of these might be made to retain as much of the surface water as might even impart humidity to the atmosphere. This is because the channels of rivers are in general confined by high banks, within which many, or indeed most of them, might be converted by a few dams into canals. To such great purposes convict labour ought to have been applied, had it been possible to have allowed colonisation and transportation to work together. But the undulations of the land present everywhere facilities for constructing reservoirs, which heavy showers would fill, and thus afford means sufficient for the purposes of irrigation, were not labour now too scarce there, to admit of the progress of colonisation in a manner suitable to the spirit of the age, and the character of the nation.

"The rich lands along the eastern coast, under a lofty range which supplies abundance of water for the purposes of irrigation, are well adapted for the cultivation of cotton and sugar, and, with labour, nothing could prevent these regions from being made extensively productive of both articles. Of the vine and the olive, it remains to be ascertained whether some parts of the country may not be made as productive as Andalusia, for instance, is, in the same parallel of latitude, in the opposite hemisphere. The want of hands alone retards the development of every branch of production derivable from industry in these regions.

"Settled districts, back from the coast, at elevations of 1000 feet and upwards, have produced abundant crops of wheat of very superior quality; and, but for the non-completion of the roads between these districts and the capital, in consequence of the withdrawal of convict labour, the progress of agriculture in its adaptation to the soil and climate, and, as a field for the employment of British emigrants, had been much more advanced than it is there.

"The roads which were opened by the above means, or proposed to be opened, have become almost impassable, or remain wholly so; and it is, therefore, the less surprising that the colonists look to the possible introduction of railways with much interest. * * *

"On the whole, it may be said that the difficulty of access to the best lands, from the want of good roads to them from the principal port, has, of late years, greatly impeded the introduction of immigrants to the rural districts, and added to the population of Sydney many individuals who had been brought to the colony at the public expense, for the assistance of settlers in the country."

With these general remarks, so replete with information and advice for future government, and only referring to Mr. Kennedy's survey of the Victoria River, we take our leave of this useful and valuable work, which, we repeat, added to Leichardt's intelligence, makes Australia, its capabilities and prospects, more completely known than they have yet been.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHARTER-HOUSE LIBRARY.

(To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.)

DEAR SIR,—Three months ago, you did me the favour to notice a communication in which I apprized you of the intention of the Charter-House Brothers, to lay the foundation of a Library for their use. Will you be kind enough now to be the channel of recording our success, and the expression of our grateful thanks? It is principally to the booksellers and publishers of London that our gratitude is due. Upwards of 600 volumes attest their liberality towards our undertaking, and their generous sympathy in an object now for the first time attempted by the Carthusian Brotherhood. I sincerely trust that the members in these their latter days, will experience the calm satisfaction which results from the companionship of books.

We have the best prospect of increasing our collection, and we shall be grateful for any measure of assistance. From one gentleman educated at the school, we have received a valuable present in books; and we have good reason to believe that there are many others, who, remembering with affection the place of their youthful studies, will help us when they are made aware of our useful purpose.

I am, Dear Sir,
Your obliged and faithful Servant,
J. S.

Charter-House, April 3, 1848.

[In pointing attention for a moment to our correspondent's letter, and briefly recommending the object advocated, we cannot but express our surprise that with a foundation so richly endowed as is Charter-House, and the Governors of which are amongst the highest and noblest of the land—a library such as is now in progress should never, so far as we can learn, have been previously attempted. We are aware that there is a library at the Charter House—a bequest, we believe, of the widow of a former master; but we understand it is one of reference only, for students, and neither accessible to the Brothers, nor useful if it were free. We can hardly imagine a community in which books, as a source of recreation—or of religious consolation even, was more required than this. To the gentleman who has, with so much zeal and perseverance commenced the good work, and in some measure removed the reproach of centuries of neglect, the thanks of the Brothers are especially due. We have had opportunities of witnessing his energy in behalf of the struggles of the unfortunate, in one society in which he held an official appointment, and are glad to witness a similar perseverance in his Carthusian retreat. The liberality of the London booksellers and publishers in answer to the appeal, is beyond all praise, and deserves to be thus publicly acknowledged.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DIAMAGNETISM.

M. ZANTEDESCHI's further researches classify bodies as:

Simple Magnetic.—Oxygen, iron, nickel, cobalt, copper, osmium, iridium, rhodium, uranium, manganese, chromium, selenium, silver, cadmium, tin, gold glucinium, lantanium, yttrium.

Simple Diamagnetic.—Hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus, iodine, bromine, chlorine, boron, silicon, sodium, patassium, antimony, bismuth, zirconium, barium, strontium, molybdenum, tungsten, mercury, lead, tellurium, columbium, magnesium, aluminum, calcium. [And as soon as he obtains specimens of the other simple bodies which fall in the series, he proposes similarly to class them.]

Binary Compounds Magnetic.—Oxide of manganese MnO^4, oxide of chromium Cr^2O^3, oxide of lantanium, oxide of titanium, oxide of cerium Ce^2O^3, oxide of hydrated chromium, oxide of yttrium YO, oxide of glucinium, G^2O^3, oxide of lead PbO^2, oxide of antimony SbO^5.

Binary Compounds Diamagnetic. — Carbonic acid gas, CO^2, carbure tetrahydrique CH^4, carbure dihydric CH^2, chloride of sodium, $NaCh^2$, tantalic oxide TaO, magnesia MaO, alumina Al^2O^3, strontian SrO, oxide of mercury HgO, oxide of mercury HgO^2, molybdic acid MoO^3, boric acid BO^3, 3HO, protoxide of lead, PbO, antimoniac acid SbO^4, tungstic acid, oxide of calcium CaO, carbonate of lime $CaOCO^2$.

Ternary Magnetic.—None observed.

Ternary Diamagnetic.—Sugar $C^{24}H^{22}O^{14}$, starch $C^{24}F^{20}O^{10}$, camphor $C^{10}H^{20}O^2$, santonine C^8H^5O, cantharidine $C^{10}H^6O^4$, salicine $C^{26}H^{18}O^{14}$Pir., citric acid $C^{12}H^{16}O^{14}$, oxalic acid $C^4O^3+2H^2O$, tartaric acid $C^8H^6O^{10}$, benzoic acid $C^{14}H^5O^3+HO$, succinic acid $C^8H^4O^3$, wax (C = 81·784; H=12·672; O=5·544), digitaline.

Quaternary Magnetic.—None observed.

Quaternary Diamagnetic.—Quinine $C^{20}H^{24}N^2O^2$, morphine $C^{35}H^{40}N^2O^6$, strichnine $C^{44}H^{46}N^4O^8$, veratrine $C^{32}H^{48}N^2O^8$, delphine $C^{16}H^{22}NO^2$, narcotine $C^{46}H^{40}N^2O^{12}$, amygdaline $C^{40}H^{22}NO^{22}$, cafeine $C^8H^5N^2O^2$.

Complex Magnetic.—None observed.

Complex Diamagnetic.—Nerves, muscles, blood, bone, eggs, alum KS^2+2AlS^3+48Aq.

From these experiments of M. Zantedeschi it results that:—1st. the magnetic condition of inorganic bodies is much more extensive than has been hitherto thought, or than has been expressed by Faraday; 2nd. which is very remarkable, all organic bodies belong to the diamagnetic condition; 3rd. repulsive force inherent in molecules of matter is not general, but confined to the diamagnetic condition; 4th. attractive force results from the magnetic condition, or from the relative degree of the two conditions, in compound bodies. "We see," M. Zantedeschi adds, "that compounds of elements all magnetic, ought to be much more stable than those formed of mixed elements, or of elements wholly diamagnetic: and chemical experience accords with these conclusions." M. Zantedeschi proposes to continue his researches.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 7th.—Professor Baden Powell, "On shooting-stars, and their connection with the solar system." To the British Association at Oxford, in June last, Professor Powell gave an elaborate and minute history and account of the observations recorded, and of the theories advanced, in regard of those singular physical phenomena known as shooting-stars. On the present occasion he drew a well-selected and most interesting sketch of the acredited facts, and of the prevailing theories, including the recent one set forth by Sir John Lubbock. The established data were stated to be, that meteoric stones, spongy masses, and diffused matter or dust in considerable quantities, have fallen from the atmosphere. And the unsettled questions appear to be—whether shooting-stars are asteroids, planetary bodies revolving round the sun in elliptic orbits, and only rendered visible to us at the nodes, when the orbits of the earth and of these asteroids intersect, or whether they are satellites revolving rapidly round the earth in orbits more or less eccentric, and occasionally plunging into the upper regions of the atmosphere; whether their origin is the condensation of nebulous matter, "star-dust," "world-dust," or whether their masses were derived from the bursting of a planet; whether their luminosity is due to contact with our gaseous atmosphere, or with an electrical atmosphere which may extend far beyond the limits of the gaseous one; whether they are self-luminous, exploding like a sky-rocket, breaking into minute fragments, too small to be any longer visible to the naked eye; whether they shine by their own light, and suddenly cease to be visible; or whether they shine by the reflected light of the sun, and cease to be visible by passing into the earth's shadow, by being eclipsed: whether meteors and aërolites are fragments detached from asteroids, and hurled to the earth by terrestrial attraction; or whether they are condensations of diffused matter. This latter view, a cosmical origin, including also the true asteroids themselves, Professor Powell advocates, and he says, as there is no evidence of large solid masses moving through the planetary spaces, and many arguments against it, it seems more probable to imagine *diffused* matter in a highly electric state to encounter the earth's electric action, and a discharge to ensue of greater or less violence, which, in its more intense degree, may suffice to attract together and condense, and even to fuse, the loose matter into larger or smaller masses or particles, which in that state fall to the earth; while, in the less intense conditions, there may be no more than an evanescent flash, marked by a train of light or the fall of loose matter. In some cases, vast numbers of these lesser luminous exhibit,ons may take place together, from the passage of the same diffuse mass, which, under more energetic conditions, would give rise to only a few, or perhaps a single large luminous meteor, attended with the fall of a more or less condensed mass or smaller masses.

The opinion first propounded by Chladni, and adapted by Humboldt, that shooting-stars and meteors are planetary bodies revolving round the sun, requires, it is considered, their number to be prodigious to satisfy the facts of observation, and if such innumerable asteroids continually enter our atmosphere, and pass within a few miles of the earth, how is it they never come in contact with it. For, be it remembered, Mr. Strickland says aërolites are not regarded as being the shooting-stars themselves, but only as fragments left behind them in their course. "Can we suppose that our earth, a body of nearly 8,000 miles diameter, should be incessantly forcing its way through showers of these planetary bodies, hundreds of which daily approach in their circumsolar revolutions within from 16 to 140 miles of the earth, and yet that they should never impinge upon its surface? Should we not in that case continually hear of these fiery masses, with diameters from 80 to 2,600 feet, and velocities of 36 miles a second, dashing into the body of our earth like cannon balls into an earthen rampart?" Impressed with this conviction, Mr. Strickland originated the idea of the satellitary nature of shooting-stars and aërolites, and, to account for the nearly periodical recurrence of an increased number of meteors at certain annual epochs, he conceives the electrical atmosphere of the earth to be from some annually recurring cause, temporarily extended, intersecting the orbits of the satellites.

The question of the origin of shooting-stars seems to have excited more controversy than any other; but for the solution of this difficulty Sir John Lubbock apprehends we possess no data which do not apply equally to the moon and to the other bodies of the solar system. He treats them both as planetary and as satellitary bodies, and refers to the interesting calculations of M. Petit, not only as rendering probable the existence of small satellites, but tending to establish the identity of a body revolving about the earth in about 3 hours 20 minutes. Sir J. Lubbock attributes their luminosity to reflected light, and their obscuration to eclipse. And it seems to him that the splitting of the falling-stars, like a rocket, and the trains of light, a phenomenon often witnessed, might, if other circumstances were favourable to the explanation, be accounted for by supposing the star to graze the surface of the shadow before absolute immersion.

The views of Mr. Strickland and of Sir John Lubbock have appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for July 1846, and February 1848, respectively, but we do not think Professor Powell has yet published any paper upon this interesting subject. He is, however, the recipient of all observations which may be sent to him to Oxford (many having been already forwarded to him), and which will, from time to time, be printed in the *Transactions of the*

British Association, where it is hoped also his own views and reports may be read in *extenso*. We cannot conclude without referring to the remarkable memoir on shooting-stars, regular observations for four years, by M. Coulvier Gravier, read to the British Association in 1845, and printed in full in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1487, vol. for 1845, p. 575.—We cordially concur with Professor Powell in hoping that we may again soon hear from M. Coulvier Gravier.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 11*th*.—Mr. J. Field, president, in the chair. Read, the second part of a communication made in the year 1841, descriptive of the "Bann Reservoirs, County Down, Ireland," by J. F. Bateman. A short abstract of the first part was given, showing the object of the construction of these reservoirs, which were undertaken with the view of regulating the quantity of water in the river Bann, and more effectually supplying water power to the flourishing and increasing establishments on its banks. The continuation described the subsequent works, which consisted of the Corbet Lough Reservoir, which was designed as an auxiliary pound to receive the flood waters of the lower part of the river, and to retain the night water, to be discharged again during the day immediately above the more extensive mills on the river. A water course of considerable dimensions was constructed to effect this, and an embankment was thrown across the narrow outlet of the lake, the water being admitted through self-acting flood-gates, which closed as soon as the lowering of the river created a current in the contrary direction. The details of the construction of all these works were given, and it was shown by calculations based upon actual experiment, and observation of the quantity of water received, stored, and delivered from the reservoirs, that their construction had increased the value of the mill power of the river Bann full five-fold, at a comparatively very insignificant cost.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, *April 6th*, 1848.—The Rev. W. Sykes, M.A. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundum*; and the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. B. Mynors, St. Mary Hall; Rev. R. H. Hooper, Lincoln; Rev. W. De Lancy West, St. John's; Rev. S. G. Selwyn, New.

Bachelor of Arts.—E. P. Green, Exeter.

April 10th.—The newly-appointed Regius Professor of Divinity has resigned the office of Public Orator.

CAMBRIDGE, *April 7th*.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor of Divinity.—Rev. J. Pulling, Corpus.

Masters of Arts.—W. J. P. Burrell, J. W. Sheringham, St. John's; Grand Compounders.

Bachelor of Arts.—T. B. Kentish, Emmanuel.

At the Congregation the grace was passed (see last *L. G.*,) for establishing a prize in honour of Mr. Adams.

April 8th.—The gold Medals given annually by the Chancellor of the University to the two commencing Bachelors who, having obtained the degree of Senior Optime at least, prove themselves the greatest proficients in classical learning, were this day awarded to:

1. C. B. Scott; and
2. B. F. Westcott, Trinity College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 1*st*.—Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair.—The Secretary concluded the reading of a paper from Mr. E. N. Walker, assistant to the British Consul at Fuh-chow-fuh, which was commenced at the preceding meeting of the Society, containing replies to a series of questions proposed by Sir George Staunton. The paper relates to a variety of subjects connected with the habits and condition of the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood, some of the most prominent of which we proceed to notice:—"The population of the city and suburbs of Fuh-chow-fuh amounts to at least half a million, only a very small proportion of which consists of natives of the place. The well-known Commissioner Lin was one, and was the son of an artificial flower-maker. The inhabitants are in general very dull and stupid; but serious crimes are rare. Opium is very largely consumed by them; and the evil consequences usually resulting from this baneful habit are clearly discernible in their appearance. From 75 to 80 per cent. of the adult males in the city, and about 30 per cent. in the villages are estimated to indulge in it; nor is the habit confined to the male sex only. The manufactures and productions of the place are unimportant, and unfitted for export. Timber is the staple of the maritime trade. No goods are imported by sea; but all articles of consumption, not produced at home, are brought overland from Canton and Amoy. English long and broad cloths are in common use; but the cotton fabrics of America are preferred, as being stronger and warmer. At Ningpo, Russian and Prussian cloths nearly supersede all others. The pirates, who abound on the coast, are very daring, and their depredations cripple the maritime trade. Foreigners are in general disliked; and the British Consulate was at first treated with contempt and disrespect, but of late a change has taken place in the conduct of the natives towards us, which was not anticipated by the most sanguine. The banking-houses are wealthy, and great confidence is reposed in them. Promissory notes are in extensive use; the value of silver varies greatly, and spurious imitations of the current metal abound. The people are, in general, tranquil under the present Tartar dynasty, but they are not reconciled to it, and the two classes do not intermix. A moral influence, however, governs the people, for there is no physical power capable of enforcing any laws which might be unpopular. Bribery and corruption extensively prevail in the law-courts, and, in criminal cases, torture is employed to obtain confessions. The land is divided into small holdings, and there are no large proprietors. There are no general laws for the relief of the poor; but when rice is dear, the Government granaries are opened, and the grain sold at a reduced rate; money is scarcer and provisions dearer than formerly; mendicants are numerous and importunate, but very little heed is taken of them, and they are often suffered to lie down and die in the streets. Education is in a very low condition, and a knowledge of reading and writing, confined to the merest necessities of ordinary commerce, affords the only evidence of any instruction. There are four charity schools in the city, but not more than 130 children in them. Religious ideas are very vague and latitudinarian, and the people are entirely free from bigotry. There was no Protestant missionary at the port till lately, when one from America arrived. Many of the inhabitants profess to be converts to the Roman Catholic faith, but they are, in general, ignorant of their new religion; and, upon the whole, they constitute a worthless class. There are only two British subjects resident at the port, and these are masters of opium-vessels, who have no ostensible occupation in the city. It will not, therefore, be expected that any important effects should have been produced upon the native manners by the influence of our more advanced civilization. There is much sociality among the middle classes, who, at certain seasons, meet by moonlight, and enjoy themselves with much glee, at different tables, supplied only with tea and tobacco. They are fond of dramatic representations, and fully partake in the periodical amusements and festivals which have been described by most visitants of the celestial empire."

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

April 12th. Council Meeting.—Sir W. Betham, V. P., in the chair. Several associates were elected, and communications were announced from the President on discoveries in the barrows near Scarborough; from Mr. Price, on Roman remains at Bath; from Mr. W. Meyrick, on the vestiges of an extensive ancient burial place in Orkney; from Mr. Pretty, on some British urns found in the manor of Wolphage South, in the parish of Brixworth, Northamptonshire; from Mr. Rolfe, an exhibition of Saxon ornaments found in the Thanet. Notices of discoveries were also received from Mr. Bateman of Yolgeane, and Mr. Wire of Colchester; and also from a corresponding member in the west of France, announcing the discovery of the burial place of a Gallo-Roman painter, with the *matériel* of his profession, vases, paintings, colours, knives, &c.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m., "Observations on the resistances to Railway Trains at different velocities." By Daniel Gooch.

Wednesday.—London Institution, 7 p.m.—Geological, 8¼ p.m.

Thursday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m. (anniversary.)

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 3¾ p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY OF WATER COLOURS.

The private view to-day will show that there is no falling off in the attraction of this society; though we hear with regret, that five of their members, Messrs. Dodson, Duncan, Jenkins, Jutsum, and Topham, have unceremoniously deserted them, and joined their elder brethren. Our columns have always borne testimony to the industry and talents of these artists, and we are sorry we cannot commend, as right or honourable, the step they have taken. But it is consolatory to add, that a glance round the gallery enables us to say that Warren, Haghe, Absolon, Campion, Corbould, Fahey, Lee, Mrs. Margetts, Miss Egerton, Miss Setchell, Courbaux, Maplestone, Mole, Carrick, Penley, Rochard, Wehnert, Weigall, C. Davidson, Howse, Telbin, Vacher, Lindsay, and others, have so greatly exerted themselves that there will not be a thought of anything missing from these walls.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

[Second Notice.]

THE glowing and changeful pallet of Mr. Woolmer, as usual adorns the exhibition with his many brilliant tints, thrown over subjects of various character. 75, "The Lake of Pergusa," is a fine example, on a considerable scale, of his feeling for colour, and his executive power in spreading it harmoniously through the poetic imagining of Ovid; whilst 205 presents us with "The First Appearance," several figures speaking in fanciful array and expression. "A Summer's Evening;" "A Wood in Holland;" "The Alps;" 323, "Reading Dante;" 366, "Pilgrim at the Well;" 336, "The Duenna;" 456, "The Bridge of Sighs;" 475, "The Fatal Disguise;" all display similar talent, whether applied to the department of landscape, or to pieces of life or classic invention.

Mr. Clint is another of the contributors who for number and merit are found shining in every room. No. 30, "Sunset on the Coast of Yorkshire," is one of the most striking performances in the gallery, and has been truly observed to have an effect equal to Danby's highest production. The gradation of the deep red sky is admirable, and the melting of the tones throughout like a trumpet-sound dying into a lute. 59 and 169 show the placid nooks of Hampstead; and half-a-dozen views by sea and land, prove how true to nature is the artist's mind, eye, and hand.

Nos. 31, 132, 288, 340, &c., are nearly all little gems by J. W. Allen. 132 and 407 are charm-

ing and picturesque mill scenes; but there is hardly an aspect of sweet and pleasing scenery which is not touched into fresh resemblance by his ready pencil.

No. 69, "Italian Girl," C. Baxter; 83, "Kate Kearney;" 221, "An Exquisite Study;" 258, "Sad," and 541, "Happy Moments;" 430, "The Wreath;" 461, "The Fan," and others, are delightful examples of the beauty and life with which Mr. Baxter endows his female heads. They are peculiarly his own, and yet there is not only no mannerism, but on the contrary, great variety. The "Italian Girl" and "The Wreath" are very happy; and the pair of "Sad and Happy Moments" would be enough to adorn one of the prettiest boudoirs in England.

"127, "A Merry Making." T. Clater. A village festival, with many merry actors therein, and, as one of the boy spectators might say, "all alive and kicking." Every hint, look, and gesture of rustic revel seem to be well known to the artist, and yet there never is a single trait of vulgarity in his well handled pictures, among which the present deserves to stand, both for story and execution, as one of the best. 192, "The Evening Paper;" 391, "A Turkish Courier;" and several other works of a smaller size, prove that the artist's fund of humour is not exhausted in his larger work, and in one or two instances that grace and taste are not incompatible with general quality.

No. 306, from Cowper's "Task," "Card Playing," J. Gilbert, is one of the Leslie school, and not unworthy of the first class. The Paralytic and Proxy, are almost painfully true to the ruling passion; but though the game is almost out, the antique costume and all the accessories areso cleverly rendered, that we forget the infirm delusion in their gaiety and the flutter of the whole. It is an exceedingly well-painted effort.

No. 318, near it, is "Expectation," J. Brooks, another exhibitor, not a member of the Society, but here also liberally allowed that fair place, to which the merits of his work so justly entitle it. For artistical design, careful manipulation, excellent colouring, and felicitous expression, we have seen few superior pictures from any of our highest names. If we say it might be hung by the side of the R.A. we have just named, or near Mulready, without having to fear censure, we are only giving the opinion which we think this most promising production deserves. There is no fear of this artist: he has but to go on.

No. 156, "A Bye-lane," W. Shayer, will remind the amateur of some of the happiest effects of the Flemish school, from which the hint, so fortunately carried into effect, has been taken. 76, and other genre pieces of rural life and scenery, in the artist's popular manner, compare agreeably with the different forms that surround them.

No. 47, "Preparing for May-day," J. Gill, and 252, "Playing at Forfeits," by the same, are capital representations of familiar scenes in domestic affairs, where merriment reigns. The subjects are truthfully treated and carefully painted in every part.

Nos. 11, 128, 229, 248, &c., &c., are quiet and sweet views of gentle English and Welsh landscapes, in which wood and water are copied in all their varieties, as light, shade, and atmospheric effects diversify the face of nature. 546, "A Cloudless Bay," is a good example, and 578, "A Ferry-boat," pulling back for passengers—one of lively interest.

Another of the same equable yet warm pencil, is H. J. Boddington, who in eleven landscapes displays a facile handling, a sunny disposition, and an ever pleasing choice of subject. 348, "Stoke Pogis, Gray's Elegy," may be studied as a fair sample of the whole. Mr. H. J. Pidding is another of our painters who delights in familiar humours, of which we have a number of instances in this exhibition. 114, "Rustic Courtship;" 214, "Timidity;" 262, "The proposed Grand Junction Line;" 310, "A Coup de Soleil;" and others, are not only laughable pictorial, but verbal jokes, plays upon words as well as canvas. 537, "Tom Pipes' Misfortune," is a well told anecdote from "Peregrine Pickle."

[To be Continued.]

Sale of Pictures.—In the sale of the pictures collected by the late Mr. J. Newington Hughes, of Winchester, which was begun by Messrs. Christie and Manson yesterday, and is continued to day, there are some works of a high class, and others which are very interesting. A number of ancient portraits illustrate the art at the period of their production; those connected with the MSS.* of the Fairfax family, frequently spoken of in the *Literary Gazette*, and which Mr. Hughes got, with other antiquities, from Leeds Castle, are of much historical curiosity. Several Teniers, of considerable value, attracted attention, and a charming Cuyp was deliciously paired with an early Turner, No. 145, both of most Claude-like glow and sweetness. Another Turner, No. 147, a sea-piece, Sheerness, &c., with a squall and heavy cloud in front, and the distance gilded with sunshine, is one of the finest specimens of that master, and altogether different from his later *inspirations*. Running over the catalogue we may notice No. 104, a striking portrait of Woollet, the engraver, by American Stewart; No. 108, Lady Hamilton, a beautiful sketch of a beautiful creature, by Romney; No. 119, a good Wouvermans; No. 120, a most finished interior and true *multum in parvo*, of Antwerp Cathedral, by P. Neefs and Franks; No. 134, a fair Terburg; several Canalettis; No. 142, a small, but clever Paul Potter (two Cows); 146, the Theory of Painting, a fine allegorical figure, by Reynolds; and others by Van Goyen, Ostade, Vandyck, &c., &c.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, April 11, 1848.

THE past week has been very calm, but the situation of affairs remains the same. Every day some new banking or commercial houses suspend their payments; every day numerous manufactories are closed. The working classes show themselves even yet more admirable than before in their conduct. They pledged themselves to the Republic for three months of patient endurance; and they will keep their word. On the other hand, the Bourgeoisie stand in such dread of everything, that they seem bent upon burying or concealing their available capital: they think of nothing but flight; and when by chance they do sleep, they forthwith dream of pillage and massacre.

Our position wears a very serious aspect, I admit, but it does not yet justify these sinister apprehensions. The spirit of the masses is excellent, and order will not be violated, unless work be not reorganised by some contrivance. There —I cannot repeat this too often—there lies the danger.

The only difficult and menacing question, is the social question. A weak minority pretends to translate the term "Fraternity" by "*Communisme.*" They will not succeed, I am convinced of it, in imposing their notions upon the majority; but it is possible that they may, more than once, promote disorder, and impede its regular development.

Unfortunately, one of the members of the Provisional Government, M. Louis Blanc, had, many years ago, written a work upon the "Organisation of Labour," and hastened, in the first days of the last revolution, to constitute, in the Palace of the Luxembourg, in the very hall in which were held the sittings of the Chamber of Peers, a Commission of Artisans. His vanity is as inordinately exuberant as his stature is ridiculously small. He is so eager after notoriety, he entertains such monstrous confidence in his own capability, or, as he says himself, "in his genius," that he would unhesitatingly say: "Let France perish, let humanity perish, sooner than my opinion." Now, this obstinate and conceited dwarf, who, at this moment, is in possession of the eleventh portion of the dictatorial power, has sworn to organise labour in France, according to his notions, and every day he aggravates the evil of disorganisation. His ideas are so absurd and impracticable, that intelligent and sensible workmen begin now to laugh openly at them. They have dubbed him with the *sobriquet* of *Chou-Blanc.*

Chou-Blanc, you are aware, is the term used for expressing a venture unproductive of results. Deserted by all *bonâ fide* artisans, M. Louis Blanc has made advances to the Communistes; and he has, in his last speech, asked for absolute equality in wages. According to him, all men being brothers, the strong and adroit artisan ought to earn no more than the weak and awkward man. I need not, I suppose, describe the consequences to artisans, of such a system, if it were ever acted upon. Being all reduced to equal wages—just sufficient for their maintenance—they could no longer accumulate any savings, and not one of them would have any chance of ameliorating his condition. What advantage would they, then, derive from being clever and industrious?—they would never benefit by their exertions. The theory of M. Chou-Blanc would, consequently, if practically tried, have the inevitable effect of brutalising and enslaving the laborious classes. To a certainty, the National Assembly will forthwith dismiss such theories; but still, their dissensions, aroused at such a time, do much harm. On the one hand, they prevent the return of confidence, the revival of public credit, the resumption of industrious occupations; and, on the other hand, they contribute to disturb certain dispositions, and furnish evil passions with a pretext for agitation.

The National Guard of Paris, which, from 60,000 men, has been increased to 250,000 men, has elected its officers this week. These elections, the first which have taken place in France in virtue of Universal Suffrage, were carried on with perfect order. Everywhere the Republicans have been in a majority. It has, however, been remarked, that barely one half of the electors availed themselves of their privileges. Henceforth the most perfect equality will reign *de jure* as well as *de facto* in the Garde Nationale. My captain is a journeyman printer, and my *concierge* is also my sergeant. Many an ex-peer of France will patrol under the command of his bootmaker, and be ordered out on guard by his tailor. The equality of rights,—the only one possible,—is now so rooted in our manners, that nobody attends seriously to these natural consequences of Universal Suffrage.

Our correspondent notices the 2nd No. of the "Revue Retrospective," and the "History of the Spanish Marriages," which was found enclosed in two voluminous portfolios, abandoned by Louis Philippe in the Tuileries, and now left in the possession of the Attorney-General, at the Court of Appeal, in Paris.

The papers have been translated in the English daily Journals.

I should like to give you some account of two National representations which have just been given at the *Theatre de la Republique*, and the *Theatre de la Nation* (The *Theatre Francais* and the *Opera.*) All the pieces of these two theatres were numbered, and the tickets sent to the 12 *Maries* of Paris, and were drawn for by lots by all poor citizens in virtue of a decree of the Minister of the Interior, who had authorised the Directors of these two National Establishments

* They are, we hear, secured for the British Museum.

to represent gratuitously, with the *élite* of their performers, the works of the best authors of the French stage. These two representations passed off very quietly. The *Theatre de la Republique* played *Horace and the Malade Imaginaire*; the *Theatre de Nation gave* the *Muette de Portici*, and several ballet scenes in the way of dancing. In addition to this, a new *Cantate* was sung at the *Theatre de la Republique*, which Mme. Pauline Viardot Garcia had set to music, and which obtained a signal success. Lastly, the play which began with a rather insignificant prologue of Georges Sand, *Le Roi attend*, concluded with the *Marseillaise*. After the *Marseillaise*, a young artisan stepped on the stage, and, presenting Rachel with some flowers (the dandies used to fling them in the face of actresses), he requested her, in the name of the people, to sing the last verse again. Before separating, all the spectators made a collection for the poor.

I will conclude with announcing to you that M. L'Abbé Chatel, founder of the "French Catholic Church," intends requesting the National Assembly, amongst other reforms, to replace "Hell," "Paradise," and "Purgatory," by two centre pieces: "Heaven" for the just, and "La Gèhenne" for sinners.

GERMANY.

We make the subjoined extracts from letters written by a distinguished German professor at Elberfeld, during the last eventful month; and we think the statements and opinions of an individual so competent to form a correct judgment, will be deemed of considerable importance at this moment.

"The French are for ever proclaiming liberty—singing, shouting, fighting for liberty. They have been at it more than fifty years, but what they cannot get is liberty; because they do not understand what it is. They are like the Irish in hoping for a panacea for all their social evils, from political reforms which can be obtained by banqueting, speechifying, rioting, mobs, and anarchy. In France one bad government will probably succeed another, and perhaps not one atom better, and that will be the result and reward for all the sacrifices made and required to be made."

"March 23rd.—You have no doubt heard a great deal of the doings in Germany. I hope much from the present movement. The requests of the people are both just and unanimous, and therefore must succeed. They require above all things that Germany should be United; that there should be one Legislative assembly for the whole of Germany, as well as one Executive. To form the latter seems to be a greater difficulty than the former. The King of Prussia, though reluctant to come forward, has been forced at last to adapt his policy to the emergency. The dreadful occurrences at Berlin, on the 18th, were occasioned by the tardiness of the King, and perhaps by the secret designs of his brother and presumptive heir, the unpopular Prince of Prussia. All the odium has turned against him; the King is again popular. I hope and trust that but one spirit will pervade the German Diet, at Berlin, and that they will speedily frame that constitution for Germany which is so ardently desired by the nation—a legislative assembly after the model of the English Parliament for the whole of Germany, and the King of Prussia* at the head of it as Emperor of Germany. Nothing is more desirable for England than a strong power in Central Europe, were it only to keep France and Russia in order."

"April 1st.—As to our prospects of political reform they are still doubtful. One immense difference between Germany and France is, that with us the reform is entirely, or at least principally, a political one, whilst in France it is social. There, all the relations of labour and capital, servant and master, are unsettled and upset, and the wildest chimeras about the "organisation of labour," and what the State ought to do, are bewildering people's heads, and giving a pretence to idlers and rascals to plunder industry, honesty, and economy. The State is to do every thing. It is not only to protect life and property, and lend its aid to forward the national industry and national education, but it is actually to supply work and wages for every body, to manufacture everything, to supersede all private undertakings, to be the only producer and seller of everything: *it is to be the Master of the National Workhouse.* And alas! workhouse inmates must the whole nation soon be, if they go on with such suicidal madness. I expect, however, that the populace of Paris will soon find an opposition in the provincial towns and country people; and then perhaps we shall have a spectacle in France such as we have had for so many years in Spain.

"With us in Germany the case is very different. A few hair-brained fellows, indeed, have called for a republic. Our political and other refugees in Paris have set up that cry, but they have only made themselves ridiculous. Our Germans have no longing after utopian beatitude. They want to have their grievances redressed, and those promises fulfilled which were solemnly made to them by their princes. The workmen in the most important manufacturing towns in Germany have not preferred one unreasonable demand. They have not even asked for higher wages and less work, but chiefly for security against arbitrary and vexatious stoppages; for a tribunal composed of mill-owners and workmen to try all grievances; for the giving of reasonable notice before men are dismissed, and similar arrangements, all of which demands have been readily and gladly conceded.

"The peasantry in some parts of Germany have likewise risen to have their just grievances redressed. It was in those parts where they still were oppressed by feudal burdens; in Suabia, Thuringia, also in Hanover, and Silesia. We have got a great many so called 'Mediatised Princes,' who were formerly Sovereign Princes, and have still kept certain rights, such as those of judicature in their several dominions; being landlords and judges at the same time, and having power to claim certain taxes and dues, enjoying also certain privileges, for instance, that of preserving and killing game on the poor peasants' fields. They have to a great extent been petty tyrants, and drawn upon them the just hatred of their respective subjects. All their oppressive privileges will now be swept away, as chalk with a wet sponge.

"As for the political reforms, generally demanded throughout Germany, they are all in *one* direction: *a real union* of all the German States, and free institutions. The most difficult question to settle is that about the head of the Union. Is it to be a President, chosen periodically, as in America, or is it to be an hereditary Prince? I am decidedly in favour of the latter plan, and without hesitation would give my vote to the King of Prussia, the most powerful, intelligent, liberal prince in Germany; and one, who by the individual power of his own dominions is best qualified to take the lead in the whole of Germany. I have, however, very little hope that the jealousy of the Austrian and Bavarian Cabinets, and the stupidity of the Roman Catholic population in Southern Germany, roused to action by their priests, will allow the protestant King to take the Imperial Crown of Germany. It may be, that for the present a President may be chosen for five years, but before those five years are over, the King of Prussia, I hope, will occupy that place, and his heirs after him. In a week or two all must be decided."

The Continental Universities, such as—1. Göttingen; 2. Brussels, and 3. Vienna, continue to present singular appearances in reference to the political movements of the passing hour. On the 18th ultimo, the students left the first in a body, on being refused an entire change in its policy, and having Municipal substituted for Hanoverian laws. The reform being now conceded, it is hoped the alumni will return to their studies. At Brussels the senior students have petitioned for the re-opening of their school; suspended during the disorders in that city. And in Vienna the Emperor has granted the demand for plenary freedom of instruction, which was communicated by Baron Von Pillersdorf to the students, all drawn up under arms, and received with shouts of applause.

International Copyright.—(From the *New York Courier and Enquirer.*)—Mr. Butler King, of Georgia, by leave, presented a memorial of John Jay, and also the memorial of William C. Bryant, and others, all of the city of New York, praying for the passage of an international copyright law; which were severally ordered to be referred to a select committee. March 22nd, 1848.

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*The writer it should be remembered is a Prussian subject.—Ed. L. G.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE IRISH AMELIORATION SOCIETY.

Having had the pleasure of perusing another recent letter from "Father Mathew" on the subject of this Society, we have requested a copy of it, feeling that the following sentiment which it expresses should be engraved on the minds of all who desire Ireland's welfare, and would go the right way to accomplish it—"All that our labouring population require to make them contented and happy is, Remunerative Employment."

This is the plain and simple truth, spoken by one who knows more of the feelings and character of the mass of the Irish population than perhaps any one else;—one who has been amongst them from his childhood—has given heart and mind and property for their good—and who, by his vast experience and knowledge of their "woes and wants,"—their vices and their virtues—succeeded in accomplishing the greatest good that ever was conferred upon them since they were a people.

He has rescued the miserable Irish from their vice of *drunkenness*—may his words aid now, in rescuing them from want, by "*remunerative employment*,"—for it cannot be doubted for a moment, by any who think of Ireland's position, that nothing else will produce her pacification and welfare. The letter is annexed:

Cork, 5th April, 1848.

My dear Friend,—Accept my grateful acknowledgment of the very interesting publication on the state of Ireland, which you have had the kindness to send me. They are eminently calculated to promote the laudable object contemplated, and in the success of which I feel deeply interested.

All that our labouring population require, to make them contented and happy is, Remunerative Employment.

Confident that the measures adopted by the Committee of the Irish Amelioration Society will tend materially to benefit this country, and assuring you of my anxiety to see the project in full operation,

I am, with high respect,
Dear Mr. Rogers,
Your's devotedly,
Theobald Mathew.

Jasper W. Rogers, Esq.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The most remarkable feature of Thursday's performance, was the first appearance this season of *the great* singer, La-

blache. In consequence of the indisposition of Signora Cruvelli, *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which he was to have been the *Alfonso*, was postponed to this evening. To make up for the loss, a scene from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, was given, affording this renowned artist an opportunity of displaying his rich vocal, and dramatic powers. Long and reiterated plaudits greeted him.

Covent Garden Theatre.— Royal Italian Opera. —*Cenerentola* announced for Tuesday last, did not come off, why, we are not told. On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* was performed for the first time this season, but not under the most favourable auspices, for at the eleventh hour a placard informed us that Grisi was too unwell to sing, and that Madame Castellan would undertake the part of *Donna Anna;* Mario sang for the first time this season in his customary role of *Don Ottavio*, Tamburini as the *Don*, Persiani as *Zerlina*, Corbari as *Elvira*, Rovere as *Leporello*, and Polonini as *Masetto*, for which Tagliafico was announced; Sig. Rache was, according to the bills, the *Commandatore*.

The performance passed off but flatly, the audience were evidently disappointed at not finding Grisi in *Donna Anna*, and though Madame Castellan sang excellently, yet her voice does not possess the requisite endurance for some of the music, more especially in that of the long *scena* when she describes the death of her father to *Don Ottavio:* she sang the "non mi dir" very evenly and with nice expression.

Persiani was not so successful as usual in *Zerlina*, the charming "batti batti" and "vedrai carino," generally so exquisitely sung by her, were but ineffectively given. Corbari is gaining in reputation, she sings carefully, perhaps too precisely for expression.

Tamburini is the *Don Giovanni, par excellence*, his acting is perfect, and his singing now only inferior to that of the Tamburini of other days. We have great fault to find with Rovere as the *Leporello*, he mistakes the opera for a low comedy, and is perpetually distracting the attention in important scenes by his nonsensical grimaces, odd noises and antics; the statue-scene, which really contains some fine music and acting, was completely ruined by him; he neglects the music of his part, and obscures it by sort of grinning, ranting method of utterance, quite inadmissible in a grand serious opera. The Statue part last season so perfectly done by Tagliafico, was abominably sung and acted, in consequence of which the last grand scene was also completely spoiled; nothing but the splendid playing of the band, always so excellent, made it intelligible. The *finale* of the first act, so celebrated for its tremendous dramatic and musical power, was, indeed, scientifically sung, nothing could be grander. The opera was performed with the bands on the stage as before with every perfection of mounting, but it is not so satisfactory as in the cast of last season, and so the audience seemed to think, for it was not hailed with the enthusiasm so usually shown at this house.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The third concert on Monday gave us as the principal works the Haydn Symphony in D., No. 18; the No. 7, in A of Beethoven; and the Concerto in C minor for pianoforte and orchestra (Beethoven). All these five compositions were beautifully treated by the masterly players of the band under Costa's excellent direction. The Concerto, which was played by Madame Dulcken, fine as it is in conception, was finely given; all its great beauties in execution and expression were beautifully rendered. A chorus of Dervishes, from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," a very striking composition, was very effectively sung and encored. The quartett and chorus, from Schiller's Poem "To the Sons of Art," by Mendelssohn, with horn and trumpet accompaniment, was not at all satisfactorily sung, and is altogether unsuited to such classical concerts as these; it is evidently intended only to be sung in the open air, or a very large hall. Spohr's overture "Du Beygeist," is another very noisy piece, which might have been well omitted. Miss Duval sang Mozart's charming aria "L'addio," with great taste and careful expression; and Mr. Calkin sang the air, "O God, have mercy," from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," but without doing justice to the composition; it requires a more massive treatment than his voice enables him to give. Being the evening of the eventful day of the Chartists, Costa very cleverly gave the National Anthem, which was done in the most grand and enthusiastic manner, by the whole band, chorus, and audience, every sentiment being taken up with the most downright applause. Indeed we never remember to have witnessed a more striking exhibition of loyal feeling.

VARIETIES.

The Royal Free Hospital observed its anniversary at the London Tavern on Thursday, the Earl of Harrowby presiding, and a company of between two and three hundred under his sceptre. The proceedings of the evening went off in a very gratifying manner and a large subscription was handed in. It appeared that the debt which weighed so heavily on the establishment had been much reduced, and would be extinguished in a few months; when new wards would be re-opened and relief extended to a much more numerous class of sufferers. Last year 22,021 were succoured.

The London Hospital Anniversary Festival was also held in the same spacious Tavern, on the same day. M. W. Cotton, late Governor of the Bank, presided, and the proceedings were of a similar nature. The resources of the House to provide and serve up two such entertainments simultaneously, deserves remark, especially as both were done in a handsome style, with excellent cookery, and good wines. Such creature comforts, we are inclined to think, are not bad stimulants to Charities; and as the parties were separating, content with themselves, and the Hospitals liberally helped, it might have been sung from the ballad:

Above! Below! Good Night!
All's well! All's well.

8277 accidents were brought in last year, but the fundswere so limited as to force the rejection of many others.

Australian Emigration.—A meeting to promote this most important measure took place in the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday; the Hon. Francis Scott in the chair. We are pleaded to take up the subject at large, and need only now remark, that resolutions were carried and very interesting accounts given of the condition of the colony and its wants.

Shakspere's House Fund.—The amateur actors have, we understand, proposed to perform the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Every Man out of his Humour," at London, Birmingham, and Stratford-on-Avon, in aid of the fund for the preservation of Shakspere's House. This proposal, however, has been accompanied by a condition that in the event of an endowment being formed, the management of the House at Stratford shall be offered to Mr. Sheridan Knowles. The performances in London are arranged to take place on the 15th or 17th of May.

Monastic Ink.—Under this title, and sold in curious antique bottles, representing a jolly monk (as if he had another sort of liquid in his hands) we have a new, or rather a revived ink, for the story is told, that "amongst a quantity of ancient MSS. recently discovered in an old house near Newhaven, was one now in the possession of Mr. Harrison, of the Strand, which is a receipt for makynge of blacke incke," which, unlike most antiquarian discoveries, has been made practically useful in being concocted and sold by the spirited owner. We find it to flow readily from the pen, and shall certainly write all our old chronicling and archeological articles and criticisms, with the appropriate fluid; which may now fairly look forward to three centuries of popular use, after its three centuries of oblivion. Among the ingredients are *roseyne* and *iworie*, converted into black by being burnt on dry wood.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adams's (H. G.) Story of the Seasons, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Anglo-Saxon Version of the Gospels, post 8vo, cloth, 8s.
Art Union, 1847, 4to, cloth.
Aunt Jane's Budget of Stories, square, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Autobiography of a Working Man, post 8vo, cloth, 7s.
Baly's (W.) Supplement to Muller's Physiology, vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
Bradley's Practical Sermons, 2 vols, 8vo, cloth, 3rd edition 21s.
British Harmonist, 2 parts, each 6s.
De la Voye's Pictorial French Grammar, cloth, 2s.
Dickens' (Mrs. C. B.) Three Letters on Confirmation, 12mo, 2s.
Edwards' (F. S.) Campaign in New Mexico, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Florigraphia Britannica, vol. 3, 8vo, cloth, 30s.; coloured £2 17s. 6d.
Flower's (W. B.) Reading Lessons for Upper Classes, bk., 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Gifford's (Isabella) Marine Botanist, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Goldsmith's (Oliver) Life and Adventures, by J. Forster, 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Herbert's (Geo.) The Temple; Sacred Poems, &c., 32mo 4s. 6d.
Herbert's (Geo.) Priest to the Temple, 32mo, 2s.
Hoffmeister's (Dr.) Travels in Ceylon and Continental India, post 8vo, cloth, 10s.
Hook's (Dr. W. F.) Sermons on Our Lord's Miracles, vol. 2, 12mo, cloth.
Howard's Lectures on Painting, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Isle of Arran; a Poem, royal 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Johnson's Dictionary, 32mo, bd, 2s.
Lardner's Euclid, 8vo, bds, 6s.
Lloyd's (Rev. J. F.) Parochial Psalmist, 2nd edition, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Maberley's (Mrs.) Fashion and its Votaries, 3 vols, post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
McCheyne's Memoirs, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Mount's (Rev. C. M.) Guide to Candidates for Holy Orders, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
New Testament in English, translated by Wicklyf, small 4to, £2 2s.
Paget's Memoranda Parochialia, 3rd edition, tuck, 3s.
Proceedings of the Archæological Institute of Yorkshire, —1846, 20s.
Prout (Dr.) on the Stomach, 5th edition, 8vo, cloth, 20s.
Pusey's Sermons, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Recollections of Rifleman Harris, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Reynolds' (Bp.) Select Meditations, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Richter's (J. P.) Discourse on Immortality of the Soul, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
Rickman's Architecture, 5th edition, 8vo, cloth, 21s.
Sansoms (Oliver) Life of, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Sargent's (G. E.) History of Bunyan, 18mo, cloth, 1s.
Smyth's French Revolution, 3 vols, 8vo, cloth, 2nd edition £1 11s. 6d.
Stoddart's (Rev. S.) The Sinner Guided to the Saviour 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Stovel's (Rev. C.) Baptismal Reconciliation, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Wedgwood's Development of Understanding, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Xenophon's Anabasis, by Long, 12mo, 5s.
Young's (T.) Outlines of History of Ireland, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Yearsley, on the Throat, 3rd edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1848.	h. m. s.	1848.	h. m. s.
Apr. 15 . . .	11 59 57·0	Apr. 19 . . .	11 59 0·5
16 . . .	— 59 4·4	20 . . .	— 58 47·4
17 . . .	— 59 28·0	21 . . .	— 58 34·7
18 . . .	— 59 14·1		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Our Foreign Correspondence this week will be found of much interest, and as it is derived from no common sources, we would point attention to it.

The report of the meeting of the Freemasons of the Church in our next.

In our notice of the clearance and establishment of sawmills on the Saguenay, the name of one of the enterprising gentlemen who carried through this great work should have been "Cowie," not "Dowie."—(See *L. G.* p. 235.)

130* Our last number, 119, Enlarged Series, by an extraordinary oversight, was numbered "120," and we have, to make the necessary distinction, added a star to the present number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

M. THALBERG.

Grand Sacred, Classical, and Miscellaneous CONCERT,

ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 17TH.

IT is respectfully announced, that on MONDAY EVENING, April 17th, will be given a GRAND CONCERT, with GREAT ORCHESTRA, CHORUS, &c., on which occasion

M. THALBERG

will execute the following Pieces:—

1.—Grand Concerto in C Minor, ... *Beethoven.*
2.—Fantasia on Subjects, from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," . . . . . *Thalberg.*
3.—Fantasia on Subjects, from Auber's "Massaniello," *Thalberg.*
4.—"Leider Ohne Worte," . . . . . *Mendelssohn.*

The Vocal Part will include:—

Madame TADOLINI, Madlle. SCHWARTZ, Madlle. CRUVELLI, and Madlle. VERA; Signor GARDONI, Signor CUZZANI, Signor F. LABLACHE, Signor COLETTI, Signor BOUCHE, Signor BELLETTI, and Signor LABLACHE; will contain Selections from Rossini's STABAT MATER: also Selections from the works of Mozart. Beethoven, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spontini, &c.; and include a GRAND TRIO for THREE BASSES, executed by Signori LABLACHE, BELLETTI, and COLETTI.

Conductor, ... M. Balfe.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Boxes	2 and 3 Guineas.
Pit Stalls	10s. 6d.
Pit Tickets	5s. 0d.
Gallery Stalls	5s. 0d.
Gallery Tickets	2s. 6d.

Doors open at Half-past Seven; the Concert to commence at Eight o'clock.

N.B.—A SECOND GRAND CONCERT will be presented on WEDNESDAY MORNING, April 19th. 1848.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

GRAND CONCERT.

The Directors have the honour to announce that the GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Royal Italian Opera, NEXT TUESDAY, APRIL 18th, 1848.

The Programme will include ROSSINI'S celebrated

STABAT MATER,

And the CONCERT supported by the following Eminent Artistes;—

Madame GRISI,
Madame PERSIANI,
Madame RONCONI, Madlle. STEFFANONI,
Madlle. CORBARI, Madame CASTELLAN,
AND
Madlle. ALBONI.
Signor MARIO,
Signor SALVI, Signor RONCONI,
Signor TAMBURINI,
Signor MARINI, Signor ROVERE,
Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor POLONINI,
Signori LUIGI MEI, CORRADI-SETTI, & LAVIA.

In addition to the above unrivalled Artistes, the Directors have much pleasure in stating that they have entered into an engagement with

Monsieur EMILE PRUDENT,

(the renowned Pianist, who will make his first appearance in England on this occasion.

CONDUCTOR, ... Mr. COSTA.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	£3	3	0	Box Stalls,	0 10 6
Ditto,	2	2	0	Ditto,	0 5 0
Ditto,	1	11	6	Amphithentre Stalls,	0 5 0
Orchestra Stalls,	0	10	6	Pit,	0 5 0

Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE CONCERT WILL COMMENCE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Tickets, Boxes, Stalls, &c., may be secured on application at the Box-Office, and at the principal Libraries and booksellers.

GRISI as NORMA, Jenny Lind in the character of the Figlia del Reggimento, Edward the Sixth, the benevolent Pope Pius IX., Henry VII., and James I., the Heroes Hardinge and Gough, the whole in new and magnificent dresses, got up for the present season. Open from 11 till dusk, and from 7 till 10 at night. Admission 1s. Napoleon Room, 6d.—Madame TUSSAUD and SONS, Bazaar, Baker Street. "This is one of the best exhibitions in the metropolis."—*The Times.*

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PRESIDENT—The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, K.G.

The 59th ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in FREEMASONS' HALL on Wednesday, May 10th, His Grace the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, in the Chair.

Tickets, 21s. each, may be had at the Chambers of the Corporation, 73, Great Russell Street.

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THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS will open their FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, on Monday next, the 17th Inst., at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

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AMPUTATION OF TWO LEGS PREVENTED.

Extract of a Letter dated Roscommon, February 19th, 1847, from the highly respectable Proprietor of the Roscommon Journal.

SIR,—Mr. Ryan, the well-known proprietor of the Hotel next door to me, had two very Bad Legs, one with *eight* Ulcers on it, the other with *three*, they were in such a fearful state that the effluvia from them was very great. Some time since he made a journey to Dublin for the purpose of consulting some of the most eminent professional men, but returned home to his family with the choice of either one of two alternatives—to have both legs amputated, or die! On his way home he met a Gentleman in the Coach who recommended the use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which he had recourse to, and was perfectly cured by their means alone.

To Professor Holloway. (Signed) CHARLES TULLY,
Editor and Proprietor of the "Roscommon Journal."

IN ALL DISEASES of the Skin, Bad Legs, Old Wounds, and Ulcers, Bad Breasts, Sore Nipples, Stony and Ulcerated Cancers, Tumours, Swellings, Gouts and Rheumatism, and Lumbago, likewise in cases of Piles, the Ointment is proved to be a certain remedy for the bite of Moschettoes, Sand-flies, Chiego-foot, Yaws, and Cocoa-nay, and all Skin diseases common to the East and West Indies, and other tropical climates.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London; and by all respectable Vendors of Patent Medicines throughout the Civilized World, in Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s, 22s., and 33s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

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TREASURER.
Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.
AUDITORS.
John Pepys, Esq., and Capel Cure, Esq.

At the Annual Meeting of Governors, held in Craven-street, on Wednesday, the 5th day of April, 1848, the Accounts of receipt and Expenditure, for twelve months, ending the 31st of December, 1847, having been laid upon the table, duly audited, the Secretary reported that the number of debtors discharged and relieved from the under-mentioned prisons, during the same period, was 111, of whom 73 had wives and 174 children, the average expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Charity, was £16 3s. 7½d for each debtor discharged and relieved, viz.:—

Aylesbury	3	Hereford	2
Bodmin	4	Huntingdon	1
Bristol	2	Ipswich	1
Bury St. Edmunds	1	Lancaster	1
Cambridge	1	Lewes	1
Carlisle	1	Liverpool	10
Chelmsford	4	London, viz.:	
Derby	2	Queen's	6
Dolgelly	2	Whitecross-st.	19
Dorchester	1	Maidstone	1
Dover	1	Monmouth	2
Durham	1	Morpeth	2
Exeter (2 prisons)	3	Newcastle	2
Flint	1	Norwich (2prisons)	5
Gloucester	2	Nottingham	1
Haverfordwest	1	Presteign	1
Radford Peverel	1		
Reading	1		
Ruthin	1		
Southampton	3		
Stafford	1		
Surrey (Horsemonger-lane)	8		
Warwick	3		
Wilton	3		
Winchester	1		
Worcester (2 prisons)	7		
Total from 44 prisons	111		

Resolved—

That the most cordial thanks of the Governors be presented to Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., for the continued and devoted attention bestowed by him upon the concerns of the Society, and for the important aid rendered thereto by his able services in the office of Treasurer thereof.

Resolved—

That the sincerest thanks of the Governors be presented to John Pepys, Esq., and Capel Cure, Esq., for the essential benefit derived from their zealous and efficient services in auditing the accounts of the Society.

Resolved—

That the Governors embrace this occasion to express to Mr. Lunn the high sense which they entertain of the unremitting zeal and ability with which he has, for upwards of nineteen years, performed the duties of Secretary of the Society.

The cases of fourteen petitioners were afterwards considered, of which twelve were approved and two rejected.

The Secretary also reported—

That, since the Meeting held on the 1st of March, TWO DEBTORS, of whom one had a wife and four children, have been discharged from the prisons of England and Wales, the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was £33 7s. 10d., and the following benefactions received since the last report:—

John Pepys, Esq.	A. £5 0 0
John Curteis, Esq.	A. 5 0 0
Frederick Chatfield, Esq., per Lewis Hertslet, Esq.	A. 5 5 0
Henry Drummond, Esq., per Messrs. Drummond	A. 5 5 0
George Gipps, Esq., per Messrs. Coutts and Co.	A. 2 2 0

Benefactions are received by Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., the Treasurer, No. 1, Brick-court, Temple; also by the following Bankers:—Messrs. Cocks, Curries, Drummonds, Herries, Hoares, Veres; and by the Secretary, No. 7, Craven-street, Strand, where the books may be seen by those who are inclined to support the Charity, and where the Society meet on the first Wednesday in every month.

JOSEPH LUNN, Secretary.

CURE of STAMMERING.—Mr. HUNT may be CONSULTED at 224, Regent-street, from February to the end of June in each season. During the months of July, August, and September, he attends pupils at Swanage, Dorset, one of the healthiest watering places in the south of England, and only ten miles from the Wareham Station of the South-Western Railway. A prospectus, containing terms, together with testimonials, &c., of cures effected during a period of 21 years, sent free of expense on application as above.

INFIRMARY FOR FISTULA, and other DISEASES of the RECTUM.—The 12th Anniversary Festival of this Charity will be held at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday, May 1st, 1848. The Right Honble. John K. Hooper, Lord Mayor, President, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.
William Cubitt, Esq., and Charles Hill, Esq., Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

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Jackson, John, Esq., Alderman.	Walker, William, Esq.

Dinner on Table at Half past Five for Six precisely. Tickets, one Guinea, to be had of the Stewards, at the Bar of the London Tavern, or of the Secretary, Mr. WILLIAM CARTER, 23, Philpot Lane, City.

ED. J. DENT, by distinct appointments, watch and clock maker to the Queen, H.R.H. Prince Albert and H.I.M. the Emperor of Russia, having greatly increased his stock of WATCHES and CLOCKS to meet the purchases made at this season of the year, most respectfully requests from the public an inspection of his various assortments. Ladies' gold watches, with gold dials, and jewelled in four holes, 6 gs. each; gentlemen's ditto, enamel dials, 10 gs.; youths' silver watches, 4 gs.; substantial and accurately-going silver lever watches, jewelled in four holes, 6 gs.—E. J. DENT, 82, Strand; 33, Cockspur Street; and 34, Royal-Exchange (Clock-Tower Area).

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Domenichino	Dusart	Metzu	Cuyp
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ECCLES. i. 9.

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